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Choice Poetry.

THE HUSBAND'S WISDOM.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

I never danced, I never sung,
In the days when I was young;
Fierce ambition stirred my blood
To be great, yet to be good;
To captivate the souls of men,
To rule them with my voice or pen,
Upon their minds' blank leaves to write
Thoughts of beauty—things of might—
I pined and yearned for power and name,
And thought earth's brightest blessing, fame.

I lived in sadness and unrest,
I knew not what was worst or best;
I had a folly in my brain
That brought me discontent and pain;
I was alone, and stood aloof
On barren summits, pleasure-proof;
Stiff, upgazing and erect,
Nursing haughty intellect;
Sceptical,—oh, the sorrow!—
Bright to-day, for dim to-morrow.

Fame, power, riches, lured me on—
Oh, the madness!—it has gone.
Neither of them I despise,
But view them with serener eyes.
And only ask of pitying fate
The blessings of a medium state;
For I have found that fame and gold
And dominion manifold,
Are but other names for care,
Toil, contention, and despair.

If they choose to pass my way,
They are welcome—they can stay;
I can reason on their course,
And be wiser in their aims;
If they choose to pass aside,
I'll not grieve, whate'er betide.
Though my gray hairs amid the brown
Have warned me that my path goes down,
I've learned a lesson in my prime
And how to make a friend of Time.

I only ask that Heaven will grant
Sufficient for my modest wants—
Best gifts that fortune can impart
The spring-time freshness of the heart,
My sound health, my reason clear,
And thee, true wife—to love me dear.
Have these all—and what care I
For pomp, or power, or luxury?
For nobles, or purse, or bauble crown?
Blow by—ye trumpets of renown!

Whoe'er the happiest man may be,
No envy shall be roused in me.
Cannot I roam in summer hours
With thee through pathways fringed with flowers?
Can we not sit upon the grass
And make the happy moments pass
In the endearments of our eyes,
In mute or spoken sympathies,
And live our lives as nature meant,
Loving—hopeful—and content?

Can we not make each day bestow
A solace for the daily woe?
Can we not find a good in ill?
And weave life's web, though chequered still,
So that the needful warp of Duty
May be the woof of Joy and Beauty?
Oh, yes!—Sorrow, Ambition—pass—
I'm somewhat wiser than I was;—
I love; I'm happy;—go your way!
I lost you on my wedding-day.

Original Novelet.

VIRGINIA AND MAGDALENE; OR, THE FOSTER SISTERS. A WINTER EVENING'S STORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, AUTHOR OF "THE DESERTED WIFE," "SHANNONDALE," "RETRIBUTION," &c., &c., &c.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER IV.—(CONTINUED.)

At the first report of the pistol the children had flown to Mary for protection; they now remained around her, pale and silent, with tearless grief and terror. She was reclining where she had sank, lying a little over on her side, and supporting her head with her left hand, while her right hand pressed the blue silk scarf in a wisp to her breast. Josey knelt by her side, pale and still. Broke Shields was running up the hill towards the house, whither, also, the old fiddler hobbled as fast as he could go. A perfect silence reigned, until Judge Washington, without his hat—his hair flying—was seen hurrying down the hill, followed by Adam Hawk, Prince William, Polly, and others. Then the children left Mary, and hurried off to meet him, each eager, amid fear and sorrow, to give his or her report. Scarcely heeding them, Judge Washington hastened to Mary—knelt—raised her upon his knee—looked, with anguish, in her face—her face, calm, except for a slight contraction of the brow, and quivering of the lip, that betrayed her silent agony and her patience.

"Mary! Mary!—oh! my beloved child! what is this?" he groaned, as he drew her into his arms, and lifted her hand, with its wisp of silk, from her. The blood oozed from the uncovered wound. Their eyes met—his, full of astonishment and grief; hers, full of patient sorrow—both, full of inquiry.

"Yes, father! what is this?" she faintly asked.

But the Judge was ghastly pale, and shaking as with an ague, yet he gave his orders with promptness and precision, as he exclaimed, hurriedly, to those around—

"A sofa! a sofa!—run to the house, Prince, and have a sofa brought. Adam! hasten immediately for Dr. McWalters. Polly! hurry to the house, and prepare a bed, and linen bandages."

Then he turned to Mary himself, trying to stanch the wound, by pressing the scarf to it, and all the time looking in her patient, suffering face, with unutterable love and sorrow. All astonishment, indignation—all wish to pursue and punish her assassin—lost—completely lost in the one feeling of profound tenderness and grief.

The sofa was soon brought, and Mary gently laid upon it, to be carried to the house. As she was about thus to leave the scene of rural festivity, she turned her eyes to the little wicker carriage, wherein sat the two infants—and the Judge, knowing the cause of her anxiety, said—

"Have no care, dearest Mary, I will see them safely bestowed."

And Josey, stooping and kissing her, ran to the carriage, and drew it along, close by the side of the moving sofa, and so, followed by all the grieved and terrified children, they returned to the house. Mary was taken to her room, undressed, and laid upon the bed to await the arrival of the physician. And Judge Washington, leaving her there for a few minutes, went below, and hastily dismissed the children to their homes. He had scarcely seen the last little girl into the carriage that had been sent for her, before the gig of the physician rolled up to the foot of the piazza stairs, and Dr. McWalters, agitated by the terrible report that had been carried him, jumped out, and ran up the stairs, where Judge Washington stood to receive him.

"My dear Judge! my dear sir! I trust I have been misinformed—the terror and confusion—Mrs. Washington—"

"Mary has been wounded—come and see her, at once," said the Judge, with forced calmness, and led the way into the house, and up into Mary's chamber.

She lay upon the bed—pale, still, silent, and patient, with both hands pressing a napkin to her breast, and as before, only revealing the agony of her wound by a slight corrugation of the eye-brows, quivering of the lips, and spasmodic twitching of her hands.

The doctor approached—and while addressing a few soothing words of encouragement and hope, examined the wound. Judge Washington, in the meantime, standing in the shadow, to conceal the anguish he could not control. With all her heroism, Mary winced and quivered at the slightest touch in one direction. With all his self-command, the doctor could not help betraying the increasing and intense anxiety he felt, as the examination progressed. When it was ended, he turned to the Judge and said—

"Send post to Baltimore, for Doctor ———," (naming the most eminent surgeon of the country.)

"I will! I will!—but, good Heaven! *is there time?*" added the Judge, in a low voice.

"*There is a chance*—let there be not a moment's delay."

Down hastened Judge Washington to the stables, and dispatched Prince, upon the fleetest horse in the stable, telling him to ride day and night, till he reached his destination, for, even then, it would take two days and nights before the surgeon could reach Prospect Hall.

In the meantime, Dr. McWalters, advised and assisted by another physician of some local celebrity, used his best skill for her relief. But all that night Mary lay in patient, silent agony, lest she should give unnecessary pain to her father, who kept his watch by her bedside, in the deepest trouble. When he would bend over her, and discover by the spasms of anguish that would traverse her face, that she was not asleep, he would ask—

"Mary, my love, is your wound painful?"

She would willingly have answered "no," or, "not much," but truth forbade her, and she said—

"Not more than I can bear, dear father." After which, she did not speak again for hours, but lay, with her two hands held to her bosom, until the clock struck eleven; then she said to the troubled watcher by her bed—"Go to rest, dear father—*do* go to rest—let no one lose their rest for me—it will do no good." Her fever was now so high, and her anxiety so great that every one should be at ease, that Judge Washington had to soothe her by the promise to retire to bed as soon as she herself should be asleep. As her fever increased, her power of self-control diminished—once she suddenly started up in a sitting posture, as struck by a new terror, and demanded, rapidly—"Where are the children? Where—where are the children? Are they safe? were they hurt? Oh! let me see them!"

Judge Washington put his arm around her, spoke to her soothingly, pointed to the corner of the room, where by her own directions the babies had been placed in the crib at sunset, and where they now slept sweetly; then he gently laid her down—and tremblingly, faintly she murmured—

"Thank you, dear father—never mind my nervousness—it was only a dream; go, go to rest—you are so weary. Oh! let no one, still less, *you*, lose their rest for me, it will do no good."

"How do you feel, Mary?"

"Not—very—well! But go to rest, father, I will try to go to sleep." And she closed her eyes and folded her hands, but spasm after spasm oft traversed that highly flushed face, and the little hands that lay together on her bosom sometimes started and fluttered like wounded birds. Without falling asleep, she seemed to get into another delirious dream, for suddenly she started up again—her eyes wildly staring, and exclaimed with breathless haste—"Josey! Josey! where is Josey?—was he struck? is he hurt? Oh! for the Virgin's sake, tell me!"

Again the protecting arms were around her, again the re-assuring voice soothed her, and the strong but gentle hands laid her down and composed her to such rest as she could take. And seeing her close her eyes, the Judge arose softly with the intention of leaving the room and summoning the physician, who slept in the house—and was stealing from the bedside when he felt the light clasp of a child's hand upon him, and turning he saw little Josey—standing there in his white night gown—who said in the softest murmur—

"*I will go for anything or anybody you want, grandpa.*"

The Judge looked at him in bewildered surprise for a second, and then murmured low—

"*You here, my boy?*"

"Oh, yes, sir, grandpa, and I know—I know you will let me stay—I will not disturb her, grandpa! I will not even speak to her, or come in her sight for fear of disturbing her. I did not speak to her even when I heard her call my name, for fear of hurting her. Will you only let me stay here, dear grandpa?"

The eyes of the Judge filled with tears, and silently pointing the boy to the chamber sofa that sat against the foot of the bed, he left the room in quest of the doctor. From the effects of a cooling and composing draught administered by the physician, Mary slept till morning, and in the morning awoke apparently better.

Early in the morning, Poll Pepper came into the room to remove the children before they should awake, lest their awakening and crying should disturb Mary. She was stealing away softly with one at a time, and had carried off Magdalene in silence, and had returned and was bearing away Virginia, when the latter awoke and first by crowing, pointing, and other pretty coaxing baby-ways, pleaded to be taken to her mother's bed, and when this was refused her, she demanded it eagerly and angrily by loud screams and violent gestures and struggles. This aroused Mary, who, holding her arms from the bed said,

"Give her to me, Coral."

"It is not Coralline, it's me, Miss Mary—you better let me take the child out, she'll make you more iller."

"No, bring her to me," persisted Mary, her arms still extended to the babe, whose little hands were also held out to her. Polly obeyed, and as she was setting the child upon the bed, "Where is Magdalene?" asked Mary.

"I took her away *first*. She woke and held out her hands to go to you the first thing, but I 'fused, and she let me carry her out 'out 'sistance! See how strong natur is to be sure—now Madgie knew inconstinctively she haddent no right to be a troublin o' you, Miss Mary, and so after the fuss indictment of her wishes she 'plied with my wishes, and let me purwey her out o' the room. But when I comes to take little Miss Ginny out *that* was another guess matter, Miss Ginny know *she* had a right to stay, and so she sets up a squall? See what natur is!"

"Yes, see what nature is," said Mary, "but it is not as you think, Polly—nature possesses no power of divination, and Madgie and Ginnie know no different relation of each other to me. But, Madgie is very easily managed, while Ginnie takes her sanguine, passionate temperament from my mother's family, the red haired Haroldsons—children of the Dane Harold, the Violent. But Madgie must not suffer for her meekness—go bring her to me, Polly."

"My dear Miss Mary—"

"Polly, I have no breath to argue with—go—"

Polly unwillingly left the room on that errand, turning her eyes to the last upon her young mistress, who lay back upon her pillow, holding one arm feebly around Virginia.

When she returned to the room with Magdalene, the first thing she saw was that Virginia had crawled up quite to her mother's face and stooping over, was trying intently to do something. Approaching the bed, she saw that Mary had fainted from exhaustion, and that the child, with the impression of her being asleep, was trying with its little fingers to lift her eyelids. Polly, with a look of dismay, seized the infant, and as she carried them both (Ginny screaming and kicking violently) from the room—"out of her grief and impatience," she exclaimed,

"Indeed, it is no manner o' use fer any singly soul to try to do a singly thing for that young gall, 'deed an' 'deed it aint—'cause she's 'termined fur to kill herself, an' Marster Jesus knows it!"—and setting both the screaming children—(Ginnie screaming for anger, and Madgie for sympathy)—down upon the carpet in the parlor, she hurried off for the doctor, who had not yet left the house, and for the Judge, who had for about an hour been lying down to take some sleep.

Both soon entered the chamber. Mary had recovered from her faintness, but the presence of her children, as well as all things that could in the slightest degree disturb, was forbidden her.

From that hour, however, not perhaps in the least from that cause, she grew worse—her wound became very painful, and her fever rose very high. Yet until she became phrenzied with pain and fever, scarcely a complaint escaped her patient bosom. All day she raved in high delirium. Judge Washington watched in speechless grief by her bedside. Towards night, though still delirious, her visions lost their terrible aspect, and as the hours passed on, she became cheerful, even joyous.

She was again in the home of her childhood, full of life, joy and electricity, as she was before the mainspring of her heart had been broken. Now she would call in merry tones to Joseph, her lost husband, and challenge him to a game—now she would cheer on her fancied steed to race against some fancied rival. Now her light laugh would ring merrily through the room. And so it continued nearly all night. And the doctor knew that the *pain* that had originated the fever and delirium was *gone*, while the delirium remained; therefore, he looked graver and more troubled than ever, and no longer evinced any anxiety for the arrival of the "eminent surgeon." Towards morning she grew gradually composed. At dawn she was asleep, and the physician prevailed on Judge Washington, who fondly believed in her amendment, to go and lie down. When the sun arose and shone broadly and brightly in upon her bed, Dr. McWalters got up and drew the curtain over the dawn window, and returning to the bedside, saw that his patient was wide awake, though quiet.

"How are you, Mrs. Washington?"

"Better, I thank you, doctor. Oh, very much better, indeed. I think I have had a whole good night's sleep and pleasant dreams, very pleasant dreams! I feel so well and nice this morning. Not the slightest uneasiness anywhere. You are a magician, doctor! Doctor, I think such people ought to be very grateful to their physicians. *I am!*" and she held out her hand to Dr. McWalters, who took and pressed it tenderly, while turning away his head to conceal the tears that arose to his eyes.

"I wonder if father got a good night's sleep last night? he sat up so late the night before."

"He is not yet up," replied the physician, evasively.

"And the children; I wonder if they slept quietly?"

"Oh, yes," replied the physician, confidently.

"I think, doctor, that after breakfast I may be able to get up and sit in the chair—may I not? My dear father will not be so troubled nor think me so ill if he sees that I am able to sit up. May I not sit up, doctor?"

"My dear Mrs. Washington, I will talk to you more of that after breakfast."

"One more question, doctor. I may have my children to-day?"

"Yes—yes—yes," he said, talking partly to himself, partly to her. "Yes—you may have the children to-day."

Just at that moment a rap was heard at the door, and Dr. McWalters arose, went to it, spoke to one without a few moments, and closing the door, returned to his patient's bedside.

"Who has arrived, doctor, did he say?" she asked.

"Doctor ———, the eminent surgeon from Baltimore."

"Ah! we do not want him now, *do we*, sir?"

"No," replied the family physician, speaking as before half abstractedly.

"But he must be liberally remunerated for his trouble, however, and—by the way, breakfast must be hurried for him, and he must be conducted to a room, as no doubt he has ridden all night and would like to refresh himself by a bath and a change of clothes. Doctor will you touch the bell—I want the housekeeper."

"No, no, dear child, you must not weary yourself. I will go down and put the traveller in charge of the housekeeper," and so saying, the doctor arose and went out, as much to give vent to the emotion he could no longer control as for any other purpose.

Soon after this Polly Pepper entered the room to set it to rights, inquired of her young mistress how she found herself, and expressed herself highly delighted that she was "doing so well," but heaved a profound sigh nevertheless.

"Where is Coral, I have not seen her since I have been sick?" said Mary.

"She is down stairs," said Polly, but she did not add as she might have added, "*ill of another brain fever.*"

Polly had nearly completed her task of arranging the room, bathing her young mistress's face and hands, etc., when the family physician entered, introducing Doctor ———, from Baltimore. Mary received her new physician with a smile, begged him to take the arm-chair at the head of the bed, and apologized to him for what she called the unnecessary alarm and solicitude of her friends which had caused him to take so hasty and unpleasant a journey. Then she inquired if he had breakfasted. The doctor *had*, in company with Doctor McWalters and the Judge, who, by the way, was now below, awaiting in high hope, the opinion of the new surgeon upon his daughter's case. The two physicians spent half an hour by the bedside of the sick, and then retired to the library in consultation a few moments, before entering the parlor, occupied by the Judge.

In the meantime, Polly Pepper, having left her young mistress's room, went down to carry the good news to the Judge, who, as soon as he saw her enter, exclaimed, cheerfully,

"Well, Polly! well! you have come to tell me that my child is a great deal better!"

"Oh, yes, young marse! Miss Mary is a great deal better, indeed! I hearn the doctor tell her she might—*hope* she might—don't let me tell the truffle—*hope* she might even set up to-day—and to be sure she might even have the children in the room—'deed I hearn him say myself that there wa'nt no use in the new city doctor comin' at all, now."

"Thank Heaven! oh, thank Heaven!" fervently exclaimed the Judge. "Has she taken anything?"

"No, sir,—but I thought I'd 'quire of the doctor first what I might give, and so I jes' did, and so he says, 'anything she wishes,' and so, young marse, I'm gwine to take her up a cup of tea, a soft-biled egg, an' some water crackers, as she was a wantin' of, sir."

"She *asked* for that?"

"Yes, sir, young marse."

"Then she must, indeed, be very much better—thank Heaven! oh, thank Heaven! Do not keep her waiting! hasten, Polly, hasten, and do her bidding!"

Polly left the room, and the Judge walked the floor in the restlessness of joy—impatient now to hear the report of the physicians, only that after it he might hasten to Mary's bedside, and congratulate her on her convalescence.

Not soon enough for his impatience, but soon the door swung open, and the Judge, with a stately joyousness, advanced to meet the two doctors, but checked himself half way, smitten by the gloom of their faces with a vague but painful presentiment. The eminent surgeon withdrew himself, and remained standing by the corner of the mantel-piece, and the family physician, taking Judge Washington's hand with an air of profound and respectful commiseration, invited him to a seat by the window, and placed himself in a chair by his side, saying, while he still held his hand,

"My dear friend! my honored friend!—Judge Washington, you are not new to grief! You possess great fortitude, I know—yet how shall I tell you that which I have to communicate—your Mary—"

"Well—well—in Heaven's name go on!"

"She cannot survive many hours—mortification has taken place."

Judge Washington suddenly withdrew his hand from the clasp of the doctor's, got up, sat down again, pale as ashes—covered his face with both hands, and only betrayed by the heaving of his chest, and the shuddering of his whole frame, how heavily the sudden blow had fallen under which he had to bear up.

At last he lifted up his head and asked,

"Does she know it?—does Mary know it?"

"Ah, no, sir!—the approach of death has brought her ease—she thinks she is better—she talks of rising."

"How long may she live?"

"On earth, not many hours."

"*Hours*—only *hours*!"

Again the Judge covered his face with his hands, and struggled to subdue his great emotion. When he lifted his head again, the doctor said,

"If there is anything that you could wish Mrs. Washington to do, or that she could wish to do—any disposition of the property, she—"

"Peace! peace! She holds no property—she is not yet seventeen years old. But, yet, Mary must not be deceived—she must be permitted to meet death consciously—Mary has faith, hope, and love enough to cast out fear, for herself or the helpless ones she leaves behind her. Doctor, suffer me to leave you."

The physician lifted and pressed his hand respectfully again, and the Judge slowly and heavily withdrew from the room. He went into his chamber—knelt, bowed his face upon his hands and prayed. Strengthened then, he arose, and calmly passed into Mary's room.

The chamber wore the cheerful air of a convalescent's sick room. The bed was made—the furniture neatly arranged—fresh cedar branches in the fire-place—fresh flowers on the mantel-piece, and near the bay window—"the dawn window"—in the large, blue damask-covered arm chair, sat Mary—surrounded by her children. She wore the thin muslin morning wrapper which the warm July weather permitted, and her chesnut hair was smoothly parted over her forehead, and carried back under the edge of a fine lace cap. She looked wan, fragile, faint, but inexpressibly beautiful, as she leaned sideways towards the corner of her chair, and resting her elbow upon the arm of the chair, leaned her head upon her hand, and watched and talked to her children. Magdalene and Virginia were sitting on the carpet, playing, and Josey was standing by her side, wearing the most serious countenance of all.

As Judge Washington entered the room, he slightly started at seeing Mary really up, and an expression of intolerable pain passed rapidly over his countenance.

As soon as she saw him, Mary lifted her head, and smilingly held out her hand to him. He came and took it, drew a chair to her side, and sat down.

"How does my dear child feel this morning?" he asked.

"Well—so well, dear father, that you must not look so pitifully upon me—I feel very well."

"*Well, Mary? Well?*"

"*Considering*, you know, father; my wound feels perfectly easy—I only feel faint, and I do not think that my circulation is quite healthy yet—my hands and feet are—a little cold—and my breath is not free, quite. But now that I have had my bed made, I shall lie down; and shall soon be right."

Judge Washington, to conceal his deep emotion, and to gain time for composure, stooped and lifted Virginia to his knee, who immediately threw her arms around his neck and kissed him. Mary's head had sunk again upon her hand—and a grayness crept slowly over her face and vanished. She said, speaking faintly as before—

"I see, father—you often lift Virginia to your knee—and never Magdalene; don't you like little Madgie?"

In reply to this, the Judge lifted Madgie to his other knee, where the child sat quietly.

"Will you not lie down now, dear Mary?" he next inquired.

"No, not yet, father. I said I would sit up half an hour—I have only been up a quarter; and indeed I prefer sitting here. Father! it does not seem to me as if I were sick, while I am sitting here."

"Still, my dear Mary, I think it is not well to exhaust your small strength."

"Dear father!" replied Mary, speaking slowly and faintly, "I am not sure, after all, that it is sitting *here* which wearies me—I rest very well leaning so—and—somehow, father—I have a strange, strange depression of spirits at the idea of going back to bed; please let me sit here as long as possible."

"Sit as long as you like, my beloved child," replied the Judge.

It was hard, hard, calmly to sit there and to see the rapid approach of death to its unconscious victim.

"Mary," he said tenderly, calmly, for he had now mastered himself; "Mary, my child! if God were to call you to Himself, should you be resigned to go?"

"*Resigned!* dear father! *resigned* to obey the summons of my Heavenly Father! That is scarcely a loving or a faithful word!" said Mary, as a holy radiance illumined her beautiful countenance an instant, and vanished. "Yet, father, were He to summon me away, I should not go all in gladness; oh, no! how could I, and leave my children and *you*, father? No, I should feel in death somehow as I felt in marriage—joyous and sad—sad to leave *those* I love—joyous to go to *those* I love," concluded Mary, perhaps not without some suspicion of the bearing of his words, for she became very serious.

"Mary," said he, taking her hand, and looking gravely and tenderly in her eyes—those meek blue eyes, that looked so lovingly up to meet his own—those mildly questioning eyes, so soon to be closed forever. "Mary," he said, "were God to call you to Himself, could you not trust your beloved ones to me, fearlessly?"

"Yes, father! oh, yes, father!" she replied, without withdrawing her eyes—nay, they became more intense, more searching in expression, and she inquired calmly, "What did you mean by that question, father?"

He replied first by a long and tender gaze, deep, deep into those asking eyes—and then winding his arm around her and drawing her head upon his bosom, he replied,

"Mary, my Mary, it is even so; God has called you to Himself."

Mary's hands flew suddenly up before her, and holding them thus, she shrunk away as one does before a sudden burst of too much light.

Her adopted child heard all, and stood motionless and colorless, on her other side; but nobody noticed him.

Judge Washington bent towards her.

"Mary, my dear child?"

"Father!"

"How is it with you, my Mary?"

"Stunned and blinded by too sudden, too much light, but it will soon be over, father." And soon it was—and she turned her calm face to him and said, "They may lay me on the bed now, father—perhaps I may live longer so; and I have somewhat to say to all."

Judge Washington summoned assistance, and she was conveyed to bed. Josey followed in the same quiet manner, and stood silently by her side. She saw him, and turning her face towards him, held out her hand—he took it, and with an effort—a mighty effort, for a little child, swallowed the sobs and forced back the tears that would have burst forth.

"You heard what grandpa said, Josey?"

"Yes, mamma."

"Josey, listen to me, dear, and try to remember my words; and you will take their meaning by-and-bye. You and I, *Josey, will never be separated by death, because we know each other and love each other so much*. When I have disappeared from your sight, hearing, and touch, Josey, seek me with your love—and your love will find me; often will I come to you, Josey; but you must have faith to receive me; you will not see or hear me, but in happy, peaceful, loving emotions, your spirit will *feel* me, if you will only believe it; you *will* believe it. I shall not come from the spirit-world, and stand by the side of an unhappy unbelieving child, whose want of faith shuts me from his spirit. Ah! I do not know how to make you know. Shut your eyes, Josey, and turn yourself towards the South window—now, Josey—can you see the sun?"

"No, mamma!"

"But you feel the warmth, and know that he is shining."

"Yes, mamma."

"So, Josey—to the senses of your body, and even to the faculties of your mind, I shall be lost; but to the purest love and highest aspirations of your spirit, I shall be ever present. And when you sit or walk apart, adoring God, loving his children, and remembering with tenderness, 'little mother'—and you almost feel her presence in your heart—know that it is really so, that she is really there, watching over you, loving you, teaching you still—teaching you Divine truths, perhaps she has learned in Heaven; that she is nearer to you than ever she was in the body, because she communes with your inmost self. You do not understand this truth now—"

"But I have got it in my heart, mamma, and I love it."

"And mamma will make it dearer to you, when she comes constantly from God to her child. Oh, little one! I have told a deep truth—one that I dared not tell to many gray-haired men, good and wise though they might be." She paused from exhaustion—then seeing her father approach soon after this, she held her hand out to him, and as he stooped very low over her, she took his face between her hands, and looking in his countenance, at first with profoundest sympathy and grief, through which at last, faith, hope, and love, shone as shines the sun through clouds, she said—"Poor worn face! sorely tried heart! bear up! God is in this as in all things!"

But his fortitude for a moment was quite overcome, and he bowed his head upon his hands and wept, after gasping—

"Oh, Mary! so good, so young!" and unable to stand, he sank down in the chair by her side.

Mary watched him for a while, and then said, in a voice, faint but clear and sweet as angel's whispers—

"Yes, life has been short, but very sweet to me. The earth has been so sublime with its high mountains, its deep valleys, and its great waters; so glorious with its rising and its setting sun; so beautiful with its forests, fields, and flowers; so lovely with its little children. Oh, yes! the world has been so beautiful—friends have been so kind—life has been so sweet to me; and when those dear ones, who loved life with me, passed away, they drew my vision after them to a higher, sublimer, more beautiful life in God—and now I go after them. But now I go leave you—think you, because I go to God, I pass from you? no! dear father, no! I shall come into a closer contact, to enter your soul; to come [illegible] receive me—in every union with you, if you will receive me. Oh! I will [illegible] the thought of me, re[illegible] a happy inspiration. [illegible] to you bearing many [illegible] and hope, and love, because I shall have more faith, will be often near you—and [illegible] go to God. [illegible] baby smile in her sleep, believe you see my [illegible]ened by her spirit-mother's kiss. It is awak[illegible] dream of me, believe that I have been [illegible] you. Do you hear, my Josey. Heaven with angels are not far up in the sky—as little children are misled to believe; Heaven and the angels are all around about us!"

She paused from faintness, but her radiant countenance was still eloquent with all that her words had failed to complete.

It looked not like a chamber of death. The two little ones were playing on the carpet, varying baby sport sometimes with baby wrangles that were soon over—and often their crow and laugh would ring pleasantly through the room; but at last they grew restless, and Josey went to quiet them—and not succeeding, Judge Washington touched the bell, and summoned Polly to carry them out. As she was passing, however, Mary faintly called her to bring them to her, and asked her father to raise her up in his arms. He did so, and the babes were brought and set upon the bed before her. Then, for the first time, the mother's heart of flesh melted, and tears arose to her eyes and overflowed her cheeks; folding her arms feebly around them both, and dropping her head upon them, she sobbed,

"Oh, children! children! Oh, children! children!" and this she said many times. After having kissed Magdalene, she motioned Polly to take her, and then looking long and earnestly in Virginia's little face, she said,

"Oh, Ginnie! Ginnie! that you could remember me! Look at mother, oh, Ginnie! Let her try to leave her features on your heart; for oh, Ginnie! never till now did I feel how much beyond all things on earth or in Heaven, save God, I love you, little one! Oh, Ginnie! remember me, mine only one!" she said, gazing profoundly in her countenance, as if, in desperate love, she hoped to leave upon the infant's soul the impress of its mother's face. Then fondly again and again kissing the child, whose heart seemed to have received what its intellect missed, she permitted her to be taken away, and sank back into the arms of her father, almost dead. He laid her gently on the pillow, and resumed his seat by her side. When she was somewhat recovered again, she felt a gentle clasp on her hand, and turning her eyes, she saw Josey, who said to her—

"Ginnie shall remember you, mamma—she knows you now so well, and your portrait is so much like you, that I will never let her forget you. I will keep up the memory, every morning, before she says her prayers, she shall see your portrait. Every night, before she sleeps, shall she see it, mamma. Every day will I talk to her of you, and when she loves me most, I will bid her remember you, dear little mother."

She pressed the little hand that clasped hers, and said,

"Josey, in the course of nature, grandpa may go to Heaven before Ginnie grows up—You are a little child,—oh, I mean *because* you are a little child, I leave Ginnie in your care. You are not much older than she is, and therefore you may go all through life together. I have so much trust in you, so much hope of you, Josey! Love my child, and make her good!"

"Love me from Heaven, and make me good enough to do it, mamma."

All day her father and her adopted child remained with her—all day, until—according to the custom of the church in which she had been brought up—the priest came to administer the last consolations of religion to one whom God Himself had comforted already.—The priest came to impart faith and strength for the trial to the passing angel, and went away with a purer heart, and a higher faith, and greater courage.

Bruin had been in to see her.

"It is better," he said, "than a thousand learned discourses on the Evidences of Christianity, this passing away of Mary—never did I feel immortality as now."

Her father and her boy returned to the room, where they remained all night. Her children were brought in for the last time before they were put to bed. Then she kissed, and blessed, and resigned them with an angel smile.—She was sinking fast, but the spirit grew brighter and brighter as the clay fell away.—Sometimes she spoke, but though the words were faint in sound, they were strong and hopeful in import. Towards morning, she became perfectly silent, and lay holding Josey's hand while her father held her other hand.

The day was dawning clearly, clearly, brightly through the East window at the foot of her bed. Then she began to speak again, and some one said she was delirious, when, drawing her hand from her father's clasp, she pointed to her dawn window, through which the newly-risen sun was pouring a broad, bright ray from the Eastern horizon to her bed, and said, while a divine radiance illuminated her countenance,

"Behold the Angel of the Lord! Behold DEATH the Beautiful! the Deliverer! Behold the path of glory down which he comes from God!"

"God!" was her last word; slowly, slowly, her arm fell—slowly, slowly, the light faded from her countenance, as the invisible angel released and bore her invisible to "God!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ORIGIN OF THE TERM PROTESTANT.—The dispute which had existed between the Emperor Charles and Pope Clement VII., having subsided, the latter obtained the promise of imperial help against the floods of heresy which were breaking in upon the Church from all quarters. A second diet was convoked at Spires, in which the interest of the Emperor succeeded so far as to revoke, by a majority of votes, the unanimous decision of the former diet; and he forbade any departure from the Catholic faith and discipline till a general council should be assembled. The decree of the second diet was passed about three years after the former, and was very ill received by the elector of Saxony and other Lutheran Princes. They conceived that a resolution passed unanimously was of much greater force than one passed afterwards only by a majority. Accordingly they entered their protest against the decree of the Emperor and his majority, and resolved to maintain the ecclesiastical code they had established. From the circumstance of this protest the reformers and their civil supporters were afterwards denominated Protestants.

☞ "Old age is coming upon me rapidly," as the urchin said, when he was stealing apples from an old man's garden, and saw the owner coming, cowhide in hand.—*South-Boston Gazette.*

Our Portrait Gallery.

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

Pictures of Life.

MEMORIES OF MEXICO. AN ADVENTURE WITH ROBBERS IN THE SIERRA.

BY AN AMERICAN OFFICER.

A few weeks after the capture of the Mexican Capital by the American army, the Commander-in Chief of the latter published a grand financial scheme to collect the taxes and other revenues of that country—partly, as was alleged, with the design of "making the enemy feel the war," but more probably with the object of raising funds, of which our troops stood much in need. To make the army a "self-sustaining machine"—I quote official phraseology—was for some time a pet idea with our General.

The scheme and the language look well on paper; but for an army that could hardly spare an outpost from its main body to attempt collecting taxes in an enemy's country, was altogether an original idea; and its originality was the best of it—for to go beyond the mere conception of such plan, proved to be one of those nice little [illegible]ctic impossibilities.

[illegible] is a town thirty miles South-West from [illegible] across the mountains. It is the Capital of State [illegible] State, Mexico; and in it a shadow [illegible] ment had been kept up long af[illegible] "tobacco" and [illegible] the valley. The "rentas de [illegible] Mexican authori[illegible] were here paid to the American General, [illegible] to collect these for the [illegible] to send thither a brigade resolved, by himself.

To my chagrin, the [illegible] army, that my own regiment was one [illegible] I heard was, ed to the tax-gatherer's duty. I [illegible] condem[illegible] quarters. The rumor, alas! was too [illegible] the head[illegible] then, to the *Gran Sociedad* and its [illegible] Adieu, —adieu to the bulls of Belemitas—adieu [illegible] far dearer attachments.

A General's order is as stern as the sentence of a Judge; and, in less than a week afterwards, myself and many discontented *camarades* found ourselves rusticating among the *pulque* plantation of Toluca.

What a contrast these times presented to our late life in Mexico, whose sweet little adventures now presented the retrospect of so many delicious dreams! Often did we look back over the dark hirsute hills that separated us from the dear, dark-eyed friends in the city. We had no eyes for the beauties of Toluca.

I do not remember ever to have played the courtier so much as I did after our arrival in Toluca, and never with more success. It was to my Colonel the flattering attentions were paid.—One or two little presents—trophies which the Colonel happened to admire—were offered and accepted.

Ingenious reasons why I should re-visit the city were devised and put forward in a very insinuating manner. My general health was anything but favorable. I became lame all at once, from an old wound in the thigh, and the cold air in the country was likely to send me to my grave, or, at least to my bed.

"In short, Colonel, I feel satisfied that a week or two in the city would completely restore my strength."

"Well, if you think so, Captain," answered the Colonel, with the slightest leer out of the corner of his eye, "I will recommend your application to the General; but I am sorry to lose your agreeable company. I am going up to head-quarters in an hour or so. I presume the General will not make any objection."

The same evening an orderly rose up and placed in my hands a document signed by the A. A. A. G., giving me leave of absence for a month.

"Good!" cried I, running to my quarters, and kicking over all the camp-stools that stood in my way.

"Hillos! what's the matter? I thought you were lame!" cried a comrade.

"Lame! ah, that was yesterday. Look there!" and I held before his eyes the tantalizing bit of paper.

"Then you are going in?"

"Certainly, of course, right off."

"But how are you to effect this? There's no escort before next week."

"I mean to take the *diligencia*."

"It's a risky business, comrade. It was robbed yesterday on the way up, and an Englishman, a miner, who was in it, most barbarously used. They took him for one of us."

"Can't be helped. I must run the risk. I wouldn't stop here twenty-four hours longer to be made a Major. I don't believe these stories of robbers, any how—a cowardly set of rascals, that will run the moment you point a pistol at them."

"I am not sure of that," replied my friend. "It may be true enough of Mexican bandits; but I am much mistaken if there are not some of our own people—deserters—mixed up in this precious lot. The Englishman says some of them wore [illegible], and he thinks he overheard them talking in his own language. It would be an ugly business if you should fall in with some of your own runaways. They'll square off with you for any extra drill you may have put them on."

I could not help admitting the truth of these facts and suggestions. The *diligencia* had been robbed at various times in crossing the Sierra that separates the plains of Toluca from the Mexican valley. In one instance it was stopped by a band of over a hundred men, who not only robbed the passengers, but stripped them every one to the skin, and left them among the cold hills, after cutting the horses out of their harness and riding them off. On another occasion, a soldier, who travelled by the *diligencia*, was fearfully mutilated and left on the road. They had cut long gashes in the soles of his feet, and branded the letters U. S. on his forehead! The scandalous act had attracted the attention of the American commander, who immediately despatched a squadron of dragoons in pursuit of the robbers. They were hunted through the country, and, as was supposed, driven off to some other point; since which they had not made their appearance until the day before, when the Englishman was attacked. Their temporary disappearance, however, might be attributed to the fact, that for several days after the act mentioned above, an escort had accompanied the *diligencia* up and down the road, consisting at times of U. S. dragoons, at others of mounted police. This escort, from its cost and inconvenience, as well as in the belief that the bandits had left the road, had been discontinued; and the *diligencia* once more had to make its way through the mountains alone.

The representations of my friend had began to make their impression upon me. I was wavering in my determination to proceed, and inwardly vexing myself with the idea of wasting a full week of my "leave" at Toluca, while waiting for the escort.

"What's best to be done?" thought I. "Carry back the document, and by a little *finesse* get the date altered? That will give me my full month in the city all the same, and I can get through the intermediate time somehow."

I had almost arrived at this resolution, when my attention was attracted to a conversation carried on outside the quarters. One of the voices I recognised as that of my Orderly-Sergeant. The other was strange to me.

"So, you're a goin' in to-morrow, are you?" inquired the Sergeant.

"Yes, Sergeant. Have you anything to send to the city?—any little package or message to an old messmate or sweetheart?—eh? If you have, I'll be most happy to take it."

"Nothing, I believe—nothing, thank'ee. But how are you going?—by the stage?"

"Certainly; that's the best way."

"Ain't you afeerd the robbers 'ill get you?"

"Robbers be d—d! That's all stuff and nonsense about robbers. I've made the journey a dozen times, and they've not troubled me yet."

"That ain't no reason why they mayent. You've heard the old sayin' about that ar pitcher that went to the well so often, but got broke at last?"

"Ha, ha! Well, Sergeant, I must say you're clever; But you can't scare me with robbers.—Look at these patent protectors."

I could guess, by the pause in this dialogue, that the man, whoever he was, was showing the Sergeant his weapons of defence. I stepped to the door and looked out. It was as I had judged. He had unbuttoned his coat, and was exhibiting what he carried underneath—a pair of revolvers and a long, bright bowie, that traversed his thigh from waist to hip. I had seen this person before, and knew his name—it was Gurley. I had heard strange stories about him—about his desperate and adventurous character. He was what is technically termed a "camp follower," but neither in the capacity of sutler, butcher nor any other employ in the army. In this respect, he was quite independent, though always travelling with the troops. There were many such, and how they managed to scrape up a living was one of our military mysteries. Some were gamblers,—dealers of *faro* and *monte*, while others could sell to you, at any time, a good horse, a gold watch, or, if need be, "shave" your pay-amount for the month. The gentleman in question was rather in the horse-trading line, and had sold some animals to officers of my own regiment. Where he had bought them, had not been asked, though strong suspicions were entertained that he had bought them too cheaply. His name was Gurley, and he claimed to be a Texan; but the Texans—many of whom were living in the same way—did not know him, and it was only after our arrival in the Valley of Mexico, that he had made his appearance in the army. He was a powerful fellow, with a sinister face, scarred all over with cuts, and stamped with souvenirs of the small pox. Yet there was a degree of desperate daring about the fellow that in some degree modified the disgust communicated by his features.

The idea entered my mind of making this man [illegible] *compagnon de voyage*, and going, as I had [illegible]ly intended, by the *diligencia*. I address[illegible]

"Yo[illegible]

"Yes, [illegible] going in by the stage?"

"Do you [illegible]"

"For me, [illegible] will be safe?"

laugh. "I have [illegible]," he replied, with a not much afraid of [illegible] to lose; besides, I'm rally get more than [illegible] rascals. They generally [illegible] with this nigger." [illegible] when they meet

"You've encountered them[illegible]"

"Oh, indeed, yes!" answered [illegible] then!"

their hoarse laugh, that seemed to [illegible] with another illustrate his utter recklessness and [illegible] to the danger we were talking of.

"I am going in myself to-morrow."

"You are?" said the man, exhibiting a degree of interest in his manner.

"I am," I replied, "since you do not hesitate to risk it alone. There will be less danger when we are in company."

"Oh, there is not the slightest fear. Take your Colt's with you. They will never think of troubling two of us, so well armed as we are.—No risk about it, whatever. I wish I had as much money as I could carry safe through."

"Well, I suppose I will meet you in the stage. I am glad you are going."

And so saying, I turned back into my quarters, to make the necessary preparations for my journey. Having packed up my traps, I crossed over to the "casa de diligencias," and secured my ticket. The stage would start by daybreak, so that we might have the benefit of daylight in crossing the Sierra.

By daybreak, then, I was in my seat—the back one—Gurley occupying that next me, while the other passengers—four in number, and all Mexicans—sat in front of us; and thus, through the grey light of the morning, we trundled along the road that leads to the Capital. I had placed my pistols at the back of the cushion on which I sat, in order that I might not be encumbered with their weight, and also to render them as "handy" as possible in case of an attack.

In an hour or so we reached Lerma, and, after dragging through its marshes, commenced ascending the mountains through the passes that lead into the Valley of Mexico.

The previous night with me had been somewhat dissolutely spent, on account of leave-taking of comrades, and I was rather more underslept than usual. I therefore took advantage of my back seat, and wrapping myself up in my cloak, as the stage rolled up the mountains, fell into a sort of dozing slumber. It was but a series of "cat naps" at best; for I was jerked out of my dreams every moment by the carriage bounding over huge boulders of rock, or sinking to the axle in deep ruts. During my intervals of wakefulness, I observed that we were travelling a wild and picturesque tract of country, high peaks rising on all sides, and vast fissures yawning below us—their beds strewed with masses of rugged rock, and fringed by forests of pine and cedar. Here and there clumps of the prickly nopal stood out from the cliffs, and bunches of mesquite and maguey grew along the road. I was in no condition to be interested by the sublimity of these scenes. I was sleepy, and closed my eyes upon them. It seemed to me as though we had been travelling up the mountain for a week—an hour to a dozing traveller often produced illusion—when I was awakened, for the twentieth time, by the stopping of the stage. The driver had pulled up to breathe his horses. Gurley, at this moment, thrusting his head out of the window, asked the man, who was a Mexican, if he could give him a seat upon the box, as he wished to view the scenery of the mountains. The latter replied in the affirmative, and my companion immediately left me, and climbed to the top. I was rather gratified at thus getting the whole seat to myself; but I could not help being struck with the anomaly of this, as I considered him, coarse and most unsentimental brute being endowed with such a poetic desire. I did not think long about it, however, but taking advantage of my increased accommodations, I threw up my knees upon the vacated seat, and, resting my head against the side cushion, slept sounder than ever.

How long I slept I cannot tell, but I was again awakened, partly by the sudden stoppage of the stage, and partly by a shake given me by one of the Mexicans, who informed me, as soon as my eyes were open, that he believed we were in the neighborhood of robbers. His companions were in a state of great excitement and terror, and the word "*ladrones*" was passed from mouth to mouth.

I looked out at the side. It was a gloomy spot; but I could see no one—neither robber nor honest man. Still the stage had mysteriously come to a dead halt. What did it mean? I threw back my cloak, and again thrust my head and shoulders through the loose curtain. The road was barricaded by trees and brambles. I twisted my body upwards in order to see and interrogate Gurley or the driver. The latter was sitting in his place, uttering "———," and apparently not yet resolved how to act in the emergency; but the attitude and actions of the former at once struck me: he was [illegible]graphing some person or persons to me unseen. When my eyes first rested upon him, he was in the act of holding up his right hand—the fingers open—with the thumb depressed.

"Four of us," thought I.

He then lifted up both hands empty and open, to signify that we were unarmed. I leant back, ward, feeling for my pistols. My hand rested upon one of them. I seized the butt, and cocked it with my thumb.

"*Dios y Mexico!*" cried a voice from above, which I recognised as Gurley's.

"*Dios y Mexico!*" came screaming from a score of throats, amidst confused shouts and the quick clatter of hoofs.

I was half out of the stage, leaning over. I turned my body and looked up as before. I aimed at Gurley—at the back of his head—and pulled. There was no report, but the sharp "snick" of the hammer striking the naked nipple. My pistols were Colt's. I cocked again, the bright cylinder wheeling round to the check, and snapped a second time. To my astonishment, the result was the same. I drew back the pistol to examine it—every cap was gone! I seized the remaining weapon, and bent forward as before. The coach was surrounded by swarthy men, who pointed their carbines at myself and companions. Without hesitation, I cocked and pulled the trigger, aiming at the nearest. Again the click of the cold iron! I looked at the pistol; it, too, was without a cap, and, with a feeling of despair, I flung it into the bottom of the coach and resigned myself to my captors.

We were soon dragged out and bound; but while this operation was about being performed, what was my astonishment at seeing Gurley in the midst of a host of assailants, bravely resisting them, and firing off his pistols in the struggle. He was soon overpowered and tied. I could perceive that he had killed no one, nor did he himself appear to be injured. The robbers, however, bound him fast, as they had done the rest of us.

They then commenced rifling the stage. The boxes and packages of my companions soon littered the road; and my own baggage—a small military trunk, containing a uniform and such elegancies as I expected to stand in need of below—was thrown among the rest. The various parcels were not undone on the spot, as I expected to see them, but were packed upon mules, several of which were brought up to the ground. Our personal effects were soon fingered by our captors; and my precious cloak, my watch, and about ten doubloons—which, in the economical atmosphere of Toluca, I had contrived to save out of my pay—were taken from me with the greatest politeness and dexterity. My sword and pistols shared the same fate, and I was even reduced to the dishabille of "shirt sleeves"—one of the brigands having fancied the cut of my undress frock. In this condition I, along with my fellow travellers, was carried into the woods, travelling along a narrow path until we arrived at an old building, the ruins of a *hacienda*, or some Roman convent. Here I was separated from the others, and carried into the interior. The bandits who guarded me soon found a room sufficiently sound to hold me, and in this I was left alone. What they had done with Gurley and the Mexicans I knew not. There was a small window, but I could not approach it. I was tied neck and heels, and was therefore constrained to lie quietly where they had left me. I could hear the brigands, in the yard outside, making merry over the contents of my portmanteau; and once or twice I thought I distinguished the voice of Gurley talking freely, and giving directions in a [illegible]e of command.

[illegible] listening to these noises for about an [illegible] all at once there seemed to be a strange hurrying, without, marked by a shuffling and hasty decamp[illegible] body of men about making a [illegible] ceased, the cl[illegible] The voices and other noise [illegible] of hoofs dying away in the distance.

"Good God!" I ex[illegible]ed, "have they left me here to die?"

I cannot describe my fe[illegible] rushed into my brain. I knew [illegible] as the thought as I had failed in killing any of these fellows, be cruel enough to care about ta[illegible] might not but I knew as well that they would ca[illegible] life; save it, by untying me before taking their [illegible] to ture; and they were certainly gone. I listened long and attentively. There was no sound to be heard. Hoping some of my fellow travellers might still be about the building, I shouted as loud as I was able, but there was no response, except the echo that rang through the ruined chambers. I rolled over the floor. I writhed and twisted at my cords, but to no purpose—I was well and securely bound. In the midst of my agony, a distant sound fell upon my ear; it came nearer, heavy foot-fall, the hoof of a horse, ringing on the pavement of the *patio* without.—Another, and another, until the yard was filled. The doors were banged open. Men were talking loudly, as they walked over the pavement with clanking spurs, and sabres rattled along the stones.

"You're sure they brought him here?" was asked, in very bad Spanish.

"Ho, there!" I shouted, at the top of my voice.

"Hilloa!" was the response; and the next moment the door of my cell was opened, and an American officer walked in, whom I at once recognized as a Lieutenant of the Third Dragoons.

"Why, Captain!" cried he, coming up and cutting off my ropes, "we were beginning to fear the rascals had carried you off to the mountains. How came they to leave you behind? All safe and sound, are you?"

"I believe so," I replied, getting on my feet and shaking myself; "but if you have got a spare rag of a coat, I will be excessively obliged to you for the loan of it."

I was chilled by the mountain air and the damp, cold floor, and shivered as I spoke.

"The devil! Carried off your coat too?" said the Lieutenant, laughing; and the next moment I became his debtor for a huge cloak that covered me from head to foot.

"But how came you here?" I inquired in turn. "How came you to find us?"

"We were on the road to Toluca with some commissary wagons, and met the stage containing these gentlemen," he replied.

"Met the stage containing these gentlemen?" I repeated after the Lieutenant, noticing, with some astonishment, that he pointed to my travelling companions, the Mexicans, who stood near.

"Yes, certainly. They told us all; and we brought them back, as you see, to guide us."

"So the stage was on the road to Mexico?"

"Of course it was. The robbers only wish, it seems, to detain your distinguished self. After lightening these gentlemen of their luggage, they permitted them to depart, and you may be thankful for it. Had it not been for them, we should never have thought of looking for you in this out-of-the-way place."

"And the man Gurley?"

"Gurley?"

"Yes, the other passenger."

"What! was there another?"

"Yes, and I'm much mistaken, or he is—"

"Captain," said one of the Mexicans, interrupting me, "*El hombre guero esta el gefe los bandidos*"—(the light-haired man is the chief of the bandits.)

"Ha! I thought so! I could not be mistaken!"

"Which way, then?" asked the officer. "On to Mexico, or go you back with us?"

"To Mexico. It will be a day or two before I can make an appearance, as I see they have carried off all my traps; but I suppose they can be replaced in the Calle Plateros."

"Come then; the stage is on the road. I will send half a dozen men to carry you off the mountains. Of course you will be safe enough beyond."

We left the ruin and returned to the main road, where we found the stage, horses, and driver. The latter denied all participation in the robbery, but acknowledged that Gurley while seated beside him on the box, had acted in a manner "*muy estraño*."

We could not be better than take the fellow at his word; and parting with the lieutenant and his troop, we trundled down the mountain, followed by a small escort of dragoons.

After travelling a league or so, we came in sight of Tacubaya. Here I sent the dragoons back; and before sun-down, the stage rolled up the Calle Correo, and stopped at the "*Fonda diligencias*," where I took leave of it and my late companions in misfortune.

During the next few weeks I endeavored to make up for the ascetic life which I had lately led at Toluca. I was soon "bucked out" afresh, though I seriously felt the loss of my "small trimmings," and particularly the dozen doubloons."

I had not in the midst of my revels forgotten Mr. Gurley. I had written back to Toluca detailing the affair; and in hopes that the gentleman might make his appearance in the city while I was in it, I kept my "right eye skinned" for him. But all to no purpose. He knew that with all his art he had compromised himself, and of course took care not to show his face again in the neighborhood of the army.

The *diligencia*, however, continued to be robbed regularly twice or three times a week, although Americans no longer travelled by it, except when there were half a dozen together and well armed. They then passed through the mountains without molestation.

The municipal government of Mexico was too weak to send an escort of the *policia*; and the American commander, thinking we were soon to leave the country, did not trouble his head about the matter. Still, I repeat it, I had not forgotten Mr. Gurley; and every time I unconsciously put my hand into my bosom to grope for my watch chain, I remembered that gentleman with a painful distinctness. I felt more revengeful towards him than all the other robbers together. But for him I should not have taken the *diligencia* at all: and then to be outwitted in such a fashion—the caps stolen from my pistols while I was "napping," and hoaxed by his scene of manful resistance towards the robbers.

The time at length arrived when I must leave the gay *salons* of Mexico, and return to my regiment. There were three other officers bound for Toluca, and the same number of civilians, who were attached to the quartermaster's. We were seven in all, and had agreed to make the journey together on horseback, as there was no "train" going up the road at the time.

While preparing for my departure from the city, a grand idea—a brilliant conception, as we termed it at the time—flashed into my mind. The brilliant conception soon became a plan matured and perfected. It was this: that we seven, or nine of us—we could easily find two others—instead of going on horseback as we had intended, would dress up *a la Mexicana*, armed to the teeth, and take the *diligencia*.

"Good!" cried my fellow travellers, to a man. "Say not a word about it to any one," cautioned I, and we parted, each to equip himself as he best could. In an hour afterwards I had engaged a brace of Texan desperadoes—hangers-on of the army—to make up the complement. There were plenty of these to be had for just such a service, but nine make a full stage load, and nine was enough for our purpose.

I then proceeded to the office of the "*empresario diligencias*," and unfolding our plans, proposed engaging the coach of the day following. This gentleman, pleased with the idea of course, as he himself was the main loser by these robbers, promised every thing to facilitate our designs. He would send his Yankee driver, who was the most accomplished "whip" in Mexico. He would charge no fares; but as one passenger had already taken a seat to Lerma, and seemed anxious to go on the morrow, we would not be incommoded with him—he having no baggage.

"Not in the least," I replied; "let him come along. One of us can ride on the box; and we will be a man the stronger for it. What is he? Is he well armed?"

"I do not know—I have not seen him. He bought his ticket while I was out."

"Never mind, then. You may say we are a Mexican party to get in at Tacubaya, or you need not say a word to him, and of course to no one else, about us. We will get in beyond Tacubaya. These robbers, I am told, generally have a spy, who gallops ahead of the *diligencia*. It would not do if we should ride through the streets, so many of us."

"You are right—you are right."

"At what hour does the stage leave the city?"

"At four in the morning."

"It will pass through Tacubaya before day-break?"

"It will."

"Be early, then, and give us the time to make our arrangements on the road."

"You may depend on it, Captain."

Entering our names as "Jose Antonio Sanchez," "Juan Garcia," "Jose Maria Alvarez," &c., &c., I shook the empresario by the hand and took my way back to my friends. We met by appointment at three o'clock in the morning and walked out along the road leading to Tacubaya, in order to "head" the stage where we had promised, on the other side of the village. We were all dressed in Mexican costume, with big hats, *calzoneras* and *serapes*, and each armed with a [illegible] we had taken precautions to this effect [illegible] carried pair of Colt's revolvers and a knife, and eight on our persons collectively one [illegible] less than two shots that could be delivered [illegible] who was a Yankee minutes. Moreover, the driver was to come well kee and a fighting character passenger, we could armed; and with the [illegible] dozen." Thus armed, count in all the "being able to "whip" three we felt satisfied of Mexicans.

[illegible] the rendezvous half an hour before [illegible], and shortly after the diligence came along, and stopped to take us in.

We entered without any arrangement, as we intended to make a halt when it was light, and finally concert our measures. One of the Texans ascended the box, in order not to disturb our fellow passenger, who sat muffled in a corner of the coach, and who, from the salutation, "*Buenas noches, caballeros*," we of course presumed was either a Spaniard or a Mexican.

We rode off, talking on indifferent subjects, not caring to let our new companion into the secret of our expedition until we made our halt. We intended to stop on reaching the foot of the mountains. The stranger could only talk in Spanish; and as there were but two of us—one of the officers and myself—who understood this language, and we were engaged by the wit of an Irishman in the party, the gentleman of course remained silent.

The day at length beginning to break, and the Irishman's jokes to grow drier, the officer above-named, who sat opposite, for the purpose of opening a conversation with the latter, asked him the time. The Mexican politely drew a watch from under the folds of his *serape*, and held it out with its dial to the light. I was so seated that the watch was held close to my eyes. I did not see the man's face, but it struck me all at once that I *had seen that watch before*. I bent over the leather band which runs across the diligence, in order to get a stolen glimpse of the features of its owner. It was still but grey twilight, and the man was up to the nose in his *serape*, while a broad felt hat, rakishly slouched, covered his forehead to the eyes. Notwithstanding these various disadvantages, I was not to be baulked in my intentions; and as the light suddenly became clearer—it's but a jump from night to day in these parts—and I pushed my eyes nearer and nearer, I found myself scrutinizing the scarred and pitted face of Gurley, the robber! He had recognized me almost at the same instant, and not knowing that I had succeeded in making *him* out, had turned away his head, and doubled the slouch of his hat. But he was too late. His tactics would not avail. I remembered him too well. I was sure to know that face whenever I met it again.

"How do you do?" said I, nodding across the strap. He made no reply, pretending not to understand me. "I think we have been fellow travellers before," I continued, "and in this very same coach."

"*No entiendo, senor.*" ("I do not understand you, sir.")

"Come," said I, "speak your mother tongue, my friend, it will become those broad lips of yours much better."

My companions looked at me, wondering at this odd dialogue; and then one and all faced to the stranger, fixing their eyes upon him with scrutinizing glances. The robber, seeing the character of the faces that were around him, and knowing that as the daylight was fast increasing, further attempts at concealment would be idle, as well as impossible, suffered the *serape* to drop from his chin, and turning to me said, with an air of assumed confidence—

"Well, sir, I can speak English, if I wish to."

"I am aware of it," I replied, "having conversed with you in that language on a late occasion."

"When, sir, may I ask?"

"You do not remember, then? When you and I were fellow passengers, and afterwards fellow prisoners in the mountains here."

"Ah, yes! It was you, then?"

"It was."

"Upon my word, sir, I have good reason to remember that day. I was carried by the robbers back into the hills, while you and the others were allowed to escape. I was most ill used afterwards."

"Indeed! You do not seem to be aware that I learnt from our fellow travellers the part you played after I was shut up; besides that, I myself witnessed your adroit little pantomime on the stage box, and heard you shout your very appropriate and patriotic watch-word, 'God and Mexico!' You do not appear to have been ill used by the robbers at all, as I perceive they have given you the principal part of the spoils taken upon that occasion. I will trouble you for my watch, Mr. Gurley."

My companions, who had been listening to our conversation, as may be supposed, with extreme interest, on hearing me pronounce the name of the robber, started as one man, and involuntarily turned towards him in threatening attitudes. The man perceiving himself thus menaced, and knowing it would be idle to deny his true character any longer, lifted the gold chain over his head, and handed out my watch.

"I think you are indebted to me, in cash, a matter of twelve doubloons, or thereabouts—can you pay it conveniently now?"

"I have no money," answered the robber, doggedly.

"Produce your purse!" cried one of my companions, all of whom were now in the utmost glee at the accidental capture of the very man we were in search of.

The bandit slowly drew forth his purse, which was, as he had affirmed, rather a light one, containing only a few dollars in silver.

"Hand out those pistols!" demanded another. The order was obeyed, the robber seeming to part from his weapons with extreme reluctance. It was like the drawing of his teeth.

We were now skirting the mountains upon which stands Jesus del Monte. Here the road enters the passes of the Sierra. It was time to make our final arrangements for receiving the robbers, as we might meet them at any moment. I put my head out of the stage, and ordered the driver to pull up. The door was opened, and we leaped out upon the road, ordering Gurley to do the same. He obeyed, evidently in great terror as his scarred face in turns became white and purplish, while his limbs trembled under him.

"You are not going to murder me?" he stammered out, in a hoarse, hollow voice.

"Not yet," I answered, "although you deserve to die like a dog. Come down from the box," I added, to the Texan, "and take my seat inside. Now, Mr. Gurley, get up there."

The robber, under the muzzles of half-a-dozen pistols, climbed up to the box, and sat down beside the driver. I ascended after him, and with the assistance of the latter, tied his ankles firmly together, and then lashed them to the foot-plank. His body was fastened by a strap to the back railing of the seat, leaving his arms at liberty. I now returned to the road, and being in command of the expedition, gave my companions the necessary instructions. Seven were to occupy the inside,—six would have been as many as could act to advantage, but we dared not show too many on the top. These were to keep most of the leather blinds down, but loosely hanging, and with the buttons undone. They were to fire, if possible, from under their *serapes*, taking for their cue the first shot they should hear from the box. This one I intended to give myself. The eighth man would stow himself on the top among the baggage, where he was to fire the moment I should hold up my pistol. In this way we would be sure of the first volley, and we knew that that would be the bone and sinew of the fight. We considered that if the brigands should suspect us, and fire into the *diligencia* from a distance, we might suffer severely, and accomplish nothing, as they are always mounted, while we were afoot. It was our object, therefore, to bring them to the coach, and to effect this I mounted the box with Gurley and the driver. The latter occupied the middle seat, having the robber on his right, while I sat on his left side, in order to have my pistol arm unembarrassed. In this way, we passed Jesus del Monte, and approached the *rancho* of Jeanguilla.

It was plain we were to have an encounter. I judged this as soon as I recognized Gurley in the coach. I knew it was most likely he had put himself there for the purpose of playing his old trick. But, furthermore, as we drew near to the dangerous passes, I observed several fresh tracks of horses upon the soft turf, and leading in the direction in which we were travelling. The horses had been mounted—I could tell this by the tracks—and I felt certain they had been ridden by robbers on the route to their rendezvous.

As we climbed up the mountain, I could not help looking back at the lovely Valley of Mexico. A glorious sun was rising beyond the snowy cone of Popocatepetl, and gilding the crest of the "Twin Sister." It was a beautiful bright morning, and ill suited to such scenes as that we expected soon to be engaged in. But the moment we had rounded a spur of the [illegible] and losing sight of the bright world [illegible] gorges of were trundling on through the gl[illegible] the mountains. [illegible] wildly as we

Our hearts and pulses the [illegible] excitement. went. We felt a vivid [illegible] not unfelt. We A sense of danger, [illegible] the fight before us,—knew there was danger [illegible] outnumber us—for this The robbers mig[illegible] provided they were Mexicans; we cared little [illegible] were such men as Gurley but what [illegible] There had been desertion from among the army, and that lately on an exten[illegible] the A[illegible]. Where would these deserters be [illegible] but in such company? Moreover, a single [illegible] discharged into the coach would be sure to find a victim among the close packed crowd within; and after the first volley our party might fight under every disadvantage.

With such thoughts passing in our minds, we were not without some fears; but no one thought of "backing out" now. There was glory in the achievement, with the consciousness of performing an act of great benefit to society and the country, the country of our enemy. Sustained by these motives we moved forward with confidence and resolution.

"Look, Captain!" whispered the driver, touching me slightly with his elbow.

The corner of a *serape*, with the hips and tail of a horse, were just disappearing round a dark boulder of rock that jutted out into the road. The next moment a bare head and a swarthy face appeared above the rock, and was instantly drawn back again.

"Drive on steadily," I muttered; "cock your pistol, and drive with one hand. Gurley," I added, addressing the robber in a distinct and earnest voice, "your band is in the glen before us. You see them—so do I. If you utter one word, or make the least sign to warn them of your situation, the next moment there will be a bullet through your head." I cocked my pistol, so that the robber might hear the click, and be assured that I was ready. He *knew* that I was in earnest.

"You will follow my directions," I continued; "do as I tell you, and promptly, too. If you refuse, or delay but a second of time, the same results will follow; I shoot you where you sit! Make ready!"

I uttered the last injunction to my comrades inside, leaning slightly over the seat, but still keeping my eyes on the robber chief.

We rounded the bend of the road. Several moving objects on both sides struck the eyes at once. Heads were "ducked" behind rocks and clumps of cacti; and one or two horse-tails swept into the underwood. There, as I had anticipated, was a barricade. Some distance beyond it I could see a single face looking through the leaves, without much attempt at concealment. This was the man I wanted; I knew he was the vidette.

"Drive up to the barricade, and then stop," I whispered, and the coach trundled freely forward.

I kept my eyes fixed on Gurley, without even winking. I watched every look of the man—every movement of his muscles, that now twitched and quivered under the fearful excitement. The coach stopped.

"Hold up four of your fingers!" I said, in a low, but determined voice. "One more and I kill you!"

The order was obeyed, the robber depressing his thumb and spreading his fingers, as I had seen him on a former occasion.

"Open both your hands, and hold them out." This, too, was done as directed.

"Now," continued I, still speaking in a low, solemn tone, "shout out, and loudly, '*Dios y Mexico!*'"

"*Dios y Mexico!*" cried the robber, in a voice loud, but trembling and husky.

The words had hardly died on his lips, when they echoed from every tree. The underwood seemed alive with men and horses, who in an instant dashed forward, surrounding the stage. Only a few of them thought proper to level their carbines, believing us to be a load of unresisting Mexicans. I selected one who sat resting his *escopette* against his shoulder. At the same time the Texan on the top had covered a second, and the driver was aiming at a third, who had seized his horses. All this did not occupy half a second, and before the astonished robbers could change their attitudes, we had fired—each man hitting his object.

Then a blaze of flame and smoke was poured simultaneously from both sides of the stage, like a ship delivering her double broadside. Men dropped from their saddles—horses reared and snorted—loud, fierce yells rang upon the ear—oaths and curses, in English and Spanish, mingled together—crack, crack, crack, came the reports of the revolvers, thick and sharp from within, while at intervals could be heard the more obtuse percussion and whistling bullet of an *escopette*. Dark forms, mad and cheering, rushed through the smoke, now thick and stifling. Bright blazes only lit up the hideous scene! In the midst of the scuffle I felt the driver struggling in the powerful grasp of Gurley. The latter was endeavoring to escape, and he had succeeded in undoing the waist-strap. I seized him by the throat, and we rolled together from the box; but his feet were still tied, and, while I fell heavily upon the road, my antagonist remained hanging head downwards, uttering the most fearful and blasphemous curses. I rose to my feet, and ran outward to get clear of the smoke. I saw that the robbers were offering no farther resistance, and that those who were unhurt had galloped off to some distance, and were still retreating as fast as their horses could carry them. I shouted to my companions, who were still cracking away at imaginary objects, to cease firing. This they did, leaping from the coach and joining me.

In a few moments the sulphurous cloud having dispersed, exposed to our view six men, dead and dying, upon the road, and several horses covering the ground with their bodies. Other horses were still running around with empty saddles. Not less than three of our own party were wounded, one with a lance, and the other two—an officer and a Texan—with shots from the carbines of the bandits. The wound of the latter was severe, the ball traversing his right shoulder and lodging near the spine. The brigands had made more than their usual resistance, and we found that our surmises were correct—there was a sprinkling of the Saxon, or rather Celt, in the band. One of the killed was recognized as an Irish deserter. Two of the six were wounded, and lay groaning among the horses. As they were sufficiently chastised, we promised to send them aid from the next village; and after tying Gurley securely on the top, and clearing off the barricade, we re-entered the diligencia, and continued on to Toluca. The result of our adventure was gratifying. This band of robbers disappeared entirely from the Sierra, and during the remainder of our stay in Mexico, no diligence was robbed on that road.

What became of Gurley I never heard. We delivered him to the Mexican authorities, with full attestations of his guilt. He was sentenced to the *garotte*, but at the date of our departure the sentence had not been carried into execution. He was, to say the best that can be said of him, a most daring and desperate villain.—*United Service Journal.*

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:

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We trust our old friends, the P[illegible] for the exert themselves and get up [illegible] feel inclined Mammoth Post; or if they [illegible] offers themselves, to take advantage of our [illegible] pectus to some other that they will show our [illegible] person who will be influential and [illegible] must be remembered that willing to do so [illegible] *same on a first class paper, the postage is* [illegible] *and poorest of the small reprints, as on the* [illegible]

OUR NOVELET.

The story this week is sad, but very beautiful and touching. It is impossible to regret a death so sweet and holy—the young sainted soul of Mary Washington was ripe for the joys of Heaven; but we pity the poor children, deprived of her gentle care. Wilful, charming little "Ginnie" has many a prototype. The touches of baby character in this portion of the tale are exquisitely natural, and will call up a fond smile of pleasure to many a mother's face.

MATERIALISM.

"The preservation of the health is both our glorious privilege and our imperious duty. We should, therefore, study the laws of health, and then implicitly obey them—should make obedience to the conditions of health a matter of conscience, and feel guilty when unwell, and repent and reform. We should allow neither business nor supposed pleasures, nor duties—nothing whatever—to infringe upon its perfection, but make health paramount—should sacrifice business, property, society—everything—upon the altar of this highest business and duty of life."

We cut the above from the "American Phrenological Journal," as an extreme instance of the absurdities that people fall into when they are engrossed with one idea. Of course it is our duty to preserve health as far as is consistent with higher duties, but when they conflict, there is no question as to which should give way, the claims of our physical or spiritual nature. No one disputes the duty of watching all night by a sick-bed, a thing very injurious to health, or braving the pestilence, or daring the perils of fire or flood in obedience to the voice of humanity. We all know that the body should be the servant of the spirit—never in any possible instance usurping its master's higher place. To study the laws of health, the nature of diseases, and the means to avoid or cure them, is all very well in its way, but the too exclusive consideration of such subjects often leads to an exaggeration of their importance. Those who would regulate human life from this point of view would make a sorry affair of it. The tendency of physicians to materialism is well known. It is so strong that only the clearest and firmest religious faith can prevent the welfare of the body from becoming a paramount object in their eyes. We cannot give much attention to the appalling subject of human diseases without being overwhelmed as Adam was when the Archangel Michael set before him in dire array

"What miseries the inabstinence of Eve
Should bring on men."

In the last "Water-Cure Journal and Herald of Reforms," was an article on Scrofula, assigning the same, with all its hideous associations, to such a multitude of ailments, attributing to it so universally pervading an influence, that we were ready to exclaim, in despair, "Who shall show us any good?" For such a strong dose of "the ills that flesh is heir to," it is an excellent antidote to read a sermon of Jeremy Taylor's, or some story of patient endurance or heroic daring, such as are abundant enough, thank God! in the history of man, to restore the mind to its balance, and renew in the soul that faith in its immortality and heirship to infinite power, without which the whole scheme of human things appears a tremendous and most melancholy mockery. Our health and strength are given us to use, not ignobly to take care of. Conceive a man withholding his help in any emergency because action and excitement after dinner interfere with digestion, or refusing to see a friend at the point of death, because the noxious effluvia of his chamber would infallibly make him sick! Away with such pitiful doctrine! The *spirit* of man must rule, and just as soon as the claims of flesh and spirit conflict, has the hour come to offer up on the altar of duty whatever physical ability the bounty of God has heretofore conferred upon us.

Disease is not such a mighty bugbear as need scare us from our duty, so long as it is not an insurmountable hindrance to the working power of man. The chief reason for desiring health and strength is that we are thereby enabled more efficiently to serve the Ruler of the Universe in His purpose of regenerating humanity; and when this glorious mission has seized upon the soul, [illegible] see it, in innumerable instances, triumphantly rising with God given strength above the torments of the flesh—treading them under foot, with the sublime indifference of one that possesses a treasure no more to be touched by decay than God is, or than the kingdom of Heaven is.

Some of the most glorious fruits of the spirit have proceeded from the tenants of bodies tortured and wasted by disease. Robert Hall, the eloquent divine, was the victim of an incurable malady, the periodical attacks of which were so violent as momentarily to deprive him of self-command, and leave him utterly prostrate. But his genius, as if stung by pain into preternatural life and power, rose up from that trance of physical agony to work miracles in his holy calling; he stood before his congregation like a descended angel, discoursing of the ways of God to man with a wisdom perhaps only to be won by sounding the depths of suffering. Elizabeth Barrett, an invalid from her childhood, holding her life by the frailest possible tenure, has written some of the finest poetry that ever exalted and purified the human heart. It may well be doubted whether the physical energy of perfect health would have enabled her to soar to the seraph height of song which her slight hold upon earth and near view of heavenly things have made familiar to her soul. Schiller's immortal dramas, full of such lofty heroism, such sweet humanity, such holy strength of virtue, as will endear them forever to the heart of man, are the trophies of triumph over a disease which made the last ten years of the poet's life one long martyrdom. It would be easy to multiply instances, the history of the world is full of them, proving that spirit is not dependent upon matter to the pitiful extent intimated, and that we are false in philosophy as well as faithless in religion, when we set the preservation of health above the claims of duty.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The foreign news by the Franklin and Asia is of a rather unimportant character. All is tranquil in Europe. The Anti-Papal excitement has somewhat subsided in England. A great deal of space is devoted by the papers to the discussion of Law Reform, the New York code being the model of the proposed changes. When Great Britain adopts a somewhat similar code, the opinion of the legal fraternity in this country will doubtless experience a very sudden change upon the subject.

The arrangements for the great Industrial Exhibition are being actively prosecuted. Among the articles from India is a pearl robe, valued at about £7,000, and a gold-mounted saddle, set with precious stones, the property of the late Runjeet Singh, valued at about £6,000. Ali Moorad has contributed most magnificently toward the exhibition in embroidered workmanship of quilts, enamelled swords, &c. The glass palace in Hyde Park, though not quite completed, was formally surrendered to the Royal Commissioners on the first of January. Tens of thousands of people flocked to see it, and pronounced it to be the most wonderful structure ever beheld.

The Royal Mail Steamer Asia recently made the passage from New York to Liverpool in *ten days and nine hours*, from dock to dock, being the shortest passage on record. The United States Mail Steamer Arctic made the passage, shortly afterwards, in eleven days. Uncle Sam's line must "do better." The people of Southampton have arranged that if the vessel conveying goods to the Industrial Exhibition from this country, will make that her port of destination, no charge shall be made for the reception or conveyance of her freight to London.

All is quiet in France, with the exception of a slight flare-up between the Assembly and the President.

A miracle is alleged to have recently taken place in the Church of Saturnin, canton and arrondissement of Apt, department of the Vaucluse, consisting in the flowing of blood from a picture representing the descent of Jesus Christ from the cross. The occasion was the fervent praying of a girl named Rosette Tamisier. The flux of blood from the painting has been observed and testified to by several witnesses, including an Archbishop and Clergyman, officer of gend'armes, and a sub-Prefect. Rosette, on being interrogated by the sub-Prefect, said: "God had effected this miracle for the conversion of sinners, [illegible] He had specially chosen St. Saturnin, because four years ago, this locality was the witness of a great scandal. *Her conduct*," she added, "*of a* [illegible] *been outrageously calumniated, as also* [illegible] from priest; but she had not demanded [illegible] the painting [illegible] God." The blood which oozes [illegible] two medical [illegible] is said to have been analyzed [illegible] chemical commen, who have declared that [illegible] that of human position exactly correspon[illegible] blood.

[illegible] *Conference* has been [illegible] The Dresden [illegible] Minister, who made the opened. The A[illegible] of the incontestible ad[illegible] opening address [illegible] deration, among the German vantages of [illegible] recommends the "strengthening of States, [illegible] of the Confederation, by ar[illegible] the ch[illegible] which will enable it for the future to [illegible] the tide of revolution, and to protect the [illegible] ciple of monarchy." He then recommends revision of the Federal Act, and the laws formed under it.

The Elector of Hesse Cassel has returned to his capital, escorted by Prussian and Federal troops. He was received by the people with expressive silence.

There will probably soon be an armed intervention by Russia and Austria in Schleswig-Holstein.

Another explosion is said to be threatening in Hungary—the Hungarians resisting the attempts to Germanize them.

The projected reform in the Representative System of Sweden has been defeated. There are *four* legislative bodies in Sweden—the Nobles, Clergy, Burghers and Peasants—and a majority of each is required to effect a change. The Clergy and Nobility—the former, as usual, false, and the latter true to its order and genius—voted against the proposed reform.

Letters from Rome announce that the United States residents in that city have "resolved on resistance to Pius IX.'s order to close their chapel within its walls." Probably their plan is, to prevail upon Mr. Cass, the Ambassador, to have Protestant service within his house—the idea of *resisting* the edict to close their chapel, is one that would scarcely enter their minds, unjust as the Pope's proceeding seems, when it is remembered that the institutions of America place Catholics on an equal footing, in all respects, with Protestants.

It is again announced that Kossuth, with the other Hungarian refugees in Turkey, are coming to America—the English Government bearing their expenses to this country. We hope the report, this time, is true. If Kossuth comes, then for a reception worthy of us and him—and more, let our Government show its high appreciation of this noble patriot and his compeers, in a substantial manner.

In the Austrian Provinces of Italy, "order" is being preserved by the usual mild means—powder, ball and the hangman's rope. The devil seems to have it all his own way at present on the Continent of Europe. But Truth and Right bide their time.

AMERICAN CHIVALRY.

Some time since it was our mishap to travel in a night train, subject to many stoppages, unaccountable and protracted detentions, very trying to the patience. One of the passengers, a clever specimen of the b'hoy species of bipeds, who had swaggered in at one of the stations, finding the train did not proceed as soon as he was seated, broke out, like a river let loose, into impatient exclamations and abuse of the conductors, in such cant phrases and vulgar slang as set the bar room in a roar. The general discontent found a voice in the rude license of the fellow's tongue, and his noisy tirade, the wit of which consisted chiefly in its reckless profanity, encouraged by the laughter of several around him, swelled up into bolder bluster and bravado, until his oaths rattled out like a volley of musketry.

"Hillo, there!" called out a deep voice, at a few seats' distance, "we have had enough of that talk—there are ladies in the car—you don't appear to know it."

There was sudden silence—the orator collapsed at once.

"No—I didn't know it—thought I walked along there just now, and saw nothing of the sort—look again, though," and presently he gathered up his coat-tails, and strutted back and forward between the seats, casting stealthy glances right and left.

"'Tis true enough—the fellow's right this time," and satisfied with his survey, he settled down into his seat, and preserved, for the rest of the way, a decent silence.

Here was a man accessible to the idea of respect for women, who would probably have been proof against most other forms of appeal. If a gentleman had pleaded his own outraged sense of propriety, he would have been treated to a horse-laugh; but the appeal in behalf of the delicacy of woman finds a chivalrous spot in the heart of the roughest American.

JENNY LIND.

Jenny is said to have met with a cold reception—or, rather, none at all—upon her arrival in Havana. It was expected, however, that when she had had an opportunity of showing the operagoers the quality of her voice, that affairs would quickly alter for the better. The Government would not allow the tickets to be sold at auction, and so the price was fixed to average about four dollars, that is to say two dollars and a shilling entrance and two dollars and a shilling for a seat. Quite moderate as compared with the prices in the United States.

Jenny has sent twenty thousand dollars to Stockholm, (Sweden,) to be distributed among the poor of that city. In a private letter recently written by her to a friend in Manchester, (England,) she denies the report that she is going to Europe under her engagement with Mr. Barnum. Her engagement with Barnum is confined to the Western World. She writes as if well pleased with her reception in America—but we probably shall not know exactly what she thinks of her many long-eared admirers in this country, until the golden harvest is entirely reaped. We, for one, shall not blame her for judging all our people by those she has seen, and been pestered to death with.

BRYANT.

The New York Mirror speaks of Bryant, the poet, as "a cold, severe, silent man; congenial as an arctic winter, who requires a gentleman to be fifty times introduced before he can recollect him; and whose saturnine countenance makes one draw in, and shut himself up like a turtle."

Perhaps it depends upon who the gentleman is that is introduced to him, whether Mr. Bryant is forgetful of his face, saturnine, turtlish, &c. That, whatever Mr. Bryant's *manner* may be, he has a genial and loving *heart*, his poetry sufficiently proves.

NIAGARA SUSPENSION BRIDGE.—The "Fort Wayne Times," in noticing the recent engraving of the Niagara Suspension Bridge in the Post, says that instead of being *one* mile, the bridge is "near two miles" below the Falls—that the towers that support the cable are "a trifle over fourteen feet square," and "the distance from Detroit to Niagara considerably over fifty miles." We are obliged to you, Mr. "Times"—the distance from Detroit to Niagara is over two hundred miles in a straight line. We did not write the account, but wonder we did not see the blunder in reading proof. As to the other errors, we never saw the bridge ourself, and therefore are not responsible for them.

PRISON DISCIPLINE.

In the January number of the "Pennsylvania Journal of Prison Discipline and Philanthropy," an excellent periodical, published by the Philadelphia Prison Society, we observe an article from the pen of Dr. Isaac Parrish, of this city, entitled, "Recollection of a Tour of Observation to the State Prisons of Maryland, New York, Rhode Island, Massachusetts and Connecticut."

It appears that Dr. Parrish was one of a medical commission who were sent forth by the Prison Society here, to investigate the physical and mental health of the inmates of these prisons, to examine into their constructions, domestic economy, discipline, systems of labor, &c., with a view of aiding in certain measures of reform and amelioration in the prisons of Pennsylvania, in which that benevolent Society are interested.

There are several points in the communication of Dr. P., which appear to us to possess a degree of public interest, which entitle them to a more extended circulation than they can receive through a quarterly journal, and we shall therefore present them to our readers.

The deficient amount of light and air in the cells of all the prisons visited by the commission is considered by them as a great defect.

The cells are about seven feet long, seven feet high, and three and a half wide, and the light admitted to them is through a long, narrow window, and is barely sufficient to enable a prisoner to read of a clear day, while the only means of ventilation, is by an opening about four inches square, near the top of the cell, and by a grated door, which is opened only during a part of the time.

Most of these institutions forbid light in a cell after night, so that the prisoners are [illegible] to spend the long evenings of winter in [illegible] and solitude, and are thus cut off [illegible] during a and other sources of improve[illegible] which most propitious period. This [illegible] be remedied surprises us greatly, as it [illegible] small expense. If without difficulty, and [illegible] they should certain-[illegible] the object is to reform, [illegible] giving their minds and [illegible] ly have the means of [illegible] not strictly devoted to la[illegible] hearts at those [illegible] to know that in the prisons bor. We are [illegible] lights are allowed after night, of Pennsylv[illegible] the construction of their cells, notwithst[illegible] other prisons, admit an insufficient like [illegible] during the day.

[illegible] notice from the Report, that flogging is much less frequently resorted to in the prisons of New York and New England, than formerly; and indeed in New York it has been abolished by statute. In the Connecticut prisons however, the lash and a rigid system of non-intercourse are still adhered to. In speaking of this institution, Dr. Parrish remarks:—"The prisoners are not allowed to raise their eyes towards a stranger—flogging is in vogue, and the appearance of several full grown men, standing like idiots, with their backs against the walls, in an upright position, with the head bent, the eyes fixed towards the floor, and hands clasped in front, presented a spectacle truly pitiable." Literary and religious instructions are given to a greater or less extent in all the prisons, and several are provided with good libraries; formerly, religious books only were allowed; now, works one general literature, history, science, &c., are furnished to such as desire them. At the best managed institutions, bathing, gardening, and a regular system of out-door exercise is allowed, while the invalid prisoners have such privileges as their feeble state of health requires.

At several of the prisons the visits of relatives on particular days, and under certain restrictions, are allowed; and epistolary correspondence between the prisoner and his family is encouraged.

Dr. Parrish thinks highly of the moral advantages of thus keeping alive the domestic and social feelings of the prisoner, and the testimony of the officers of the prisons where the practice is allowed confirms this view. In our own prisons, we understand that visits are not allowed, and that even correspondence is exceedingly restricted by the rules. Dr. P. believes that this defect in our system must be remedied, "before the full moral effects of the separate system can be realized."

The various handicraft employments pursued at the prisons of other States, give them an advantage over us, both in point of health and productiveness. While in the prisons of Pennsylvania weaving and shoemaking, two sedentary and unhealthy employments, are almost exclusively pursued, in the other institutions, stone-cutting, carpentering, machine making, chair-seating, turning, &c., &c., are all in full operation. The physicians, therefore, strongly urge the necessity of a more active system of labor for our prisons.

In regard to the existence of insanity in prisons, Dr. Parrish believes that less of this disease exists in the congregate prisons than in those conducted on the separate plan, as at present administered.

This subject is fully discussed in the Report, and various suggestions made as to the means of counteracting the tendency to insanity, chargeable upon a too rigid system of separation.

More attention to the bodily condition of prisoners is urged as one means of moral reformation, while the removal of such sights and scenes as keep up a sense of degradation in the unhappy convict, is considered important. Upon this point Dr. P. thus expresses himself:

Did liberal and enlightened views prevail, having in view the restoration of the offender to the bosom of society as a sound and useful member, and not simply his punishment as a satisfaction for violated law, our prisons might, indeed become purifiers of the body politic, while at the same time they protected society from the outrages of wicked and lawless men. For, although experience abundantly proves that a radical change in life and conduct can only be effected by an inward and supernatural agency, yet all acknowledge the influence which surrounding circumstances and external means may have in favoring this great and desirable result.

If a sense of degradation and a feeling of despair are engendered by the associations of a prison, hope languishes, and the feeble aspirations of the unhappy convict after a better and a higher life, may be smothered in their very birth. It becomes important, therefore, that even the lower nature should be cared for, and that such hygienic arrangements should be adopted as will secure cleanliness, neatness, and a supply of those natural elements necessary to the health of body and mind.

Believing, as we do, that two great ends should always be kept in view in the treatment of criminals—punishment and reformation—we think these views of Dr. Parrish well worthy the serious consideration of our State Legislatures. To those who argue that criminals have no claim upon society for the trouble and expense of reformatory measures, we reply—then use such measures to *save* trouble and expense. If a young man is sent to prison for a few years once, he probably will be a burden to the State, at various times, for at least half the remainder of his life unless some measures are taken to reform him. His character and reputation being lost, he probably will embark in a career of crime, the cost of which, to the community, in stolen property, in the fees of witnesses and jurors, and other expenses of various trials, and in prison maintenance, will probably exceed, by ten-fold, the cost of those humane and philanthropic agencies which, with the blessing of Heaven, would have made him an honest and useful member of society.

It has been objected, in Great Britain, that the prisons have been made such comfortable homes, that the poorer classes of society would rather be convicted of crime than otherwise. But this, it seems to us, tells with greater force against the degradation of the poor, than against a humane prison system. In this country, however, such an objection has no force. There is no danger in the United States, of even the very lowest class of the poor becoming enamored of our penitentiaries. Nothing less sharp than starvation will drive the poor of any country into the prisons as a refuge—liberty is too sweet to the human soul to be exchanged willingly for aught but life.

Therefore we think that both humanity and wise policy dictate the employment of all judicious means for the reformation of criminals.—The confinement, the disgrace, the deprivation of liberty, the constant task work, the coarse fare, these, for a greater or lesser number of years, in proportion to the offence—sufficiently answer the important end of punishment, and are perfectly consistent with wise reformatory measures. And in combining these two ends—which are in fact but one—we imitate the economy of Providence, which punishes but to reform, and inflicts present pain only to save greater and longer continued suffering in the future.

A GOOD JOKE.

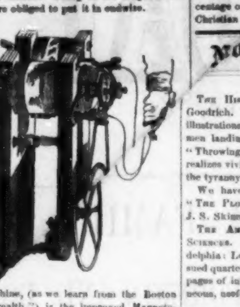
The ground recently taken by Mr. Webster in relation to Austria—that communications from the Executive to Congress, are strictly domestic affairs, and not fit subjects for the animadversions of foreign powers—is said (by the Literary World) to have been taken fifteen years ago by President Jackson in relation to France. The latter said:

"The discussions which intervene between the several departments of our Government belong to ourselves; and for anything said in them our public servants are alone responsible to their own constituents and to each other."

But the cream of the matter is, that Mr. Webster, in conjunction with Mr. Clay, then opposed this doctrine. Mr. Clay still maintains his opposition to it, and therefore spoke and voted against the printing of an extra number of copies of the correspondence; but Mr. Webster doubtless finds that to the Secretary of State things often wear a very different aspect to what they did when contemplated from the ground of a Senator in the opposition. We all remember Major Jack Downing's anecdote of the "Old Giniral" and his various colored spectacles.

THE PAINE LIGHT.

In our last paper we gave an engraving and description of Mr. Paine's apparatus; the Magneto-Electric Machine being upon a very small scale. Below we give a larger representation of that machine, which may be esteemed the basis of the new discovery—that is, if it be a discovery; we confess to being yet quite incredulous about the matter. Owing to the length of the cut, we are obliged to put it in endwise.



[illegible] machine, (as we learn from the Boston Commonwealth,") is the improved Magneto-Electric Machine, described in Davis's Manual of Magnetism:

It consists of a pair of large permanent U magnets, placed parallel, with North poles opposite to South poles. Between the poles of the two magnets are placed a pair of coils, or *helices*—that is, insulated wires coiled around fagots of steel or iron rods. These coils of wire, with iron in the axes of them, are so large that they just pass between the poles of the magnet without touching. They are mounted one on each side of a vertical shaft, in such a manner that the opposite coils are passing between opposite poles at the same time. A rapid motion is given to the vertical shaft, which carries the *helices* by a multiplying wheel seen on the top of the figure. It would be difficult for us to describe, in a short article, the whole operation of this machine, so as to make it perfectly intelligible to the general reader. But it may be sufficient to say that, whenever the opposite poles of a magnet are joined, or very nearly joined, by a piece of iron or steel, what is called a magnetic current is established. At any rate, a *theoretic* current is established, and what is very remarkable, is, that when wire, insulated by silk, India rubber, or gutta percha, is coiled around the iron which connects, or nearly connects, the poles, an electric current is induced in that wire, or rather, it is charged with electricity, and by bringing its extremities near each other, a spark may be perceived, or by taking them in the hands a shock may be felt,—when the magnetism is strong enough. And again, the sparks and shocks are found to be greater as the current is made to pass alternately through the coil in opposite directions. This reversing of the direction of the current, or the poles, is effected in every revolution of these helices between the opposite poles of the U magnets. The effect of this increase of intensity is made available by means of a piece of mechanism attached to the vertical shaft, called a *pole-changer*. It is a disc, or rather two discs, on which rub two flattened slips of wire spring, which are connected with the wires of the coil. By interruptions in the periphery of the disc, the wire touches during only a part of the revolution, and thus the circuit is broken and closed.

The discs are connected with two screwcups, to which the opposite or positive and negative wires are attached. As the induced electricity in each helix flows in different directions while it is between different poles of the magnets, the office of the *pole-changer* is to give it a constant direction, so that, for example, when you have grasped the wires in your hands as represented in the cut, that which you hold in your right hand shall be always positive, and that in your left always negative.

With this instrument, as constructed by Mr. Davis, the wire of the helix being a common solid wire insulated from itself, the shocks are strong, the spark considerable, and the decomposing power perceptible, though not of any practical importance. As we have described it, you might perhaps in a favorable electrical state of the atmosphere, get a thimble-full of gas from water in half an hour by patient turning. We have never seen that experiment, but such is the representation of those who have. On the contrary, with Mr. Paine's helices you fill a large bell glass in a minute or two, perhaps less. The gas comes freely and abundantly.

The only respect in which Mr. Paine's machine differs from the above, is that his helix instead of being an insulated solid wire, is an insulated tubular wire filled with water. He uses for this purpose a copper tube, about one-eighth of an inch in diameter, and quite thin. It must be perfectly tight, and is rather difficult of manufacture, but when made, durable. It is in the greater surface exposed by a tube, and in the wonderful capacity of water for electricity, that the superiority of his apparatus is said to consist.

We may state in conclusion, that, as a wager of $5,000, (to be given to some benevolent society,) proposed by Mr. Paine in relation to his alleged discoveries, has been accepted by a Boston gentleman, it is probable that the truth or falsehood of his claims will soon be definitely settled. The acceptor says:

I stipulate, according to the terms of Mr. Paine's proposition, that the electric circuit is not to be complete—that there shall be no possible connection between the poles of the battery, either by metallic, fluid, or any other electric conductor; also, that there shall be no oxygen generated, in a free or combined state; and, further, that Mr. Paine shall show, to the satisfaction of the supervising committee, what he proposes, that but *one* current of electricity passes through the fluid, by the agency of which hydrogen alone is disengaged.

If Mr. Paine backs out of his wager, (as we confess we expect,) we shall give up what little faith we have in him and his discovery.

A SENSIBLE MOVEMENT.

The regular Army are to be set to work at last, to earn their daily bread in the sweat of their brows. A general order issued from Washington, directs the commanding officer of every military post or station where the public lands are sufficient, or private lands can be leased on reasonable terms, to cultivate, annually, with the aid of the soldiers under his command, a kitchen garden, to enable him to supply the hospital and men with necessary vegetables throughout the year.

A system of more extended cultivation will also be commenced as soon as possible at such posts as may be designated by department commanders, in the military departments of Texas, New Mexico, California and Oregon. This *farm cultivation* will be carried on under the direction of commanding officers of posts, by the troops, and, at stations within the Indian country, by hired Indians, to be paid out of the proceeds of the farm. The field or farm culture will embrace as far as practicable, grains for bread and forage, and long forage. The surplus proceeds, after deducting expenses, are to be distributed quarterly among the enlisted men of the several garrisons. The commanding officers are to report the state and prospect of their crops in July of each year, and on the 1st day of October the quantity of each article cultivated and actually gathered in. They are also to be held accountable for improper management and losses not strictly unavoidable.

The object of this movement is stated in the order to be "to promote the health of the troops, and to reduce the expenses of subsisting the army." Very good objects these—and it will also have other good effects, not a few. We think the author of this reform deserves that a good farm should be given him by Congress.

ELECTRICITY.

Dr. G. Miesse, of Greenville, Ohio—as we learn from the "Herald" of that place—asserts that electricity does not *travel* along a wire, but that it acts simply by propelling the electricity of which the wire is already full, onward. He says:—

Any amount of fluid easily taken up at one end of the wire, can be taken off by a conductor at the other end; should the wire be one thousand miles long. But it is false, that the fluid will travel that quick from one end to the other, and that the same fluid which enters at one end will be discharged at the other. A wire is always filled with a certain amount of that fluid, and if a conductor is placed at one end, ready to receive the fluid, the point is rendered able to receive easily the same amount; and the fluid on the rod will move only a few inches or feet, according to the size of the wire and amount of the fluid, and never will reach the other end of a wire one thousand miles long.

Suppose the conductor would take up a heavy discharge, to empty the rod of the fluid, five feet at that end, then all the fluid along the wire would move only the five feet and no more.

It is like a tube filled with water. By forcing more water into one end, it will discharge the same amount at the other end, but not the same water; and the water in the tube, will move onward only according to its diameter, and the quantity that is forced in.

What do our Philadelphia philosophers say to this doctrine?

THE TREE PUZZLE.

A correspondent of the Inquirer furnishes the following answers to the Tree Puzzle in our last:

1 Tea; 2 Caper; 3 Beech; 4 Medlar; 5 ——; 6 Bay; 7 Pine; 8 Yew; 9 Fig; 10 Date; 11 Crab; 12 ——; 13 Judas; 14 ——; 15 Fir; 17 ——; 18 ——; 19 Nightshade; 20 Bread Tree; 21 Orange, or Go-pher? 22 Olive; 23 Hornbeam; 24 Papaw; 25 St. Germain? 26 Box; 27 ——; 28 Currant; 29 Rose; 30 Sloe; 31 Plane; 32 Tulip; 33 Spruce; 34 Elm; 35 Syc-a-more? 36 Poplar; 37 ——; 38 Ivy; 39 ——; 40 ——; 41 Chesnut; 42 Mulberry; 43 Elder; 44 Cork; 45 Mist? 46 ——; 47 Birch; 48 Damson; 49 ——; 50 Dog? 51 Pear; 52 Citron; 53 Sandal; 54 Axle-tree? or Holly; 55 Clove; 56 Coffee; 57 Palm; 58 Aspen; 59 Tree of Heaven; 60 ——; 61 Ash; 62 ——; 63 Locust; 64 ——; 65 Bark, (Peruvian); 66 Mace; 67 Vine?

It will be perceived that some of the answers have not yet been guessed. Those marked (?) are doubtful.

TAXING CHARITIES.

A plan is now on foot to get the Legislature of this State to tax churches, with hospitals and other benevolent institutions, heretofore exempted from taxation. This is all wr[illegible] everything of this The State should encourage [illegible] in a monetary character. It loses nothing to tax the money con[illegible] point of view, by the [illegible] purpose—to levy a per [illegible] tributed for charitable [illegible] mite—is unworthy of a centage on the [illegible] Christian peo[illegible]

New Publications.

SERIALS.

THE HISTORY OF ALL NATIONS. By S. G. Goodrich. No. 27 contains among its numerous illustrations, a spirited engraving of "The Northmen landing in America"—No. 28, a picture of "Throwing the Tea into the Harbor," which realizes vividly that first act of rebellion against the tyranny of Britain.

We have received the January number of "THE PLOUGH, THE LOOM, AND THE ANVIL." J. S. Skinner Editor.

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF THE MEDICAL SCIENCES. Edited by Isaac Hays M. D., Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. This periodical, issued quarterly, contains two hundred and seventy pages of information, experimental and miscellaneous, useful to physicians.

THE ISLAND WORLD OF THE PACIFIC. Being the Personal Narrative and Results of Travel Through the Sandwich or Hawaiian Islands, and Other Parts of Polynesia. By REV. HENRY T. CHEEVER, author of "The Whale and his Captors." New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Phila.

This account will especially interest those who have watched with sympathy the progress of the various missionary enterprises that have long been laboring in these Islands, to carry the light of Christian truth into the dark borders of Heathendom. The author's style of writing is generally lively and pleasing, though if he were not so much given to quoting poetry, he would, to our taste, have made a better book. The work is handsomely got up by the publishers, with numerous illustrations, well designed and finely executed. The following story relates how Kapiolani, a distinguished female chief, dauntlessly encountered and vanquished the idolatrous prejudices of her people:

DEFYING A FALSE GOD.

It is of Kapiolana that Carlyle tells this story, in the course of one of his volumes of Cromwell's Letters and Speeches: A certain queen in some South Sea Island I have read of in missionary books, had been converted to Christianity; did not any longer believe in the old gods. She assembled her people; said to them, "My faithful people, the gods do *not* dwell in that burning mountain in the centre of our isle. That is not God; no, that is a common burning mountain—mere culinary fire, burning under peculiar circumstances. See, I will walk before you to that burning mountain; will empty my wash-bowl into it, cast my slipper over it, defy it to the utmost, and stand the consequences!" She walked, accordingly, this South Sea heroine, moved to the sticking-place, her people following in pale horror and expectancy. She did her experiment, and I am told they have truer notions of the gods in that island ever since. Honor to the brave who deliver us from phantom-dynasties in South Sea islands and in North!

The facts of this truly heroic experiment are these, as detailed substantially in Bingham's Sandwich Islands, the best authority. Early in 1825, five years after the first landing of missionaries on Hawaii, this strong-minded and courageous woman, seeing the spell which held many of the people in superstitious awe of the volcano, resolved, of her own accord, to visit the great crater of Kilauea, the residence from time immemorial of the great Goddess Pele, and to set at naught her *tabus*, and dare her fires.

In order to accomplish this, she must make a journey of about a hundred miles, mostly on foot, from Kealakekua to Hilo. This bold design was, of course, opposed by almost all around her, some fearing she would bring into contempt the regard they sacredly cherished for Pele, and others dreading the danger to her own person from attempting to break the ancient *tabus* of the Hawaiian Vulcan. Even Naihe, her husband, whose powerful person and oratory might be supposed almost to set him above fear, yet not having his mind wholly freed from the shackles of superstition, was unwilling to do what she proposed, and felt an indefinable repugnance to his wife's thus exposing herself. But doing all she could to reason away their apprehensions, she perseveringly pursued her course.

In approaching the region of the volcano, she was met by a prophetess claiming authority from Pele herself, and solemnly warning her off from those sacred grounds, and predicting her death from the fury of the goddess if she should dare invade her domain with the feelings of hostility and contempt which she professed. "Who are you?" demanded Kapiolani. "One in whom *Ke Akua* dwells," she replied. "If God dwells in you, then you are wise, and can teach me," said Kapiolani; "come hither and sit down." After some urging, she complied.

Refreshments were kindly offered her, but, in the haughtiness of her assumed dignity as a supernatural being, she said, "I am a god; I will not eat." Holding in her hand a piece of bark cloth, she said, "This is a *palapala* (writing) from the Goddess Pele." "Read it to us," said Kapiolani; and, when the prophetess declined, she resolutely insisted on her proving that she had a book or writing from the god by her reading it. Then cunningly carrying out her device, and, with unexpected presence of mind, holding the cloth before her eyes, the prophetess poured forth a torrent of unintelligible words or sounds, which she would have them believe were in the dialect of the ancient Pele.

Then Kapiolani, producing her Christain books, said to the impostor, "You pretend to have received and to deliver a message from your god, which none of us can comprehend. I have a *palapala* as well as you, and will read you a message from the true God, which you can understand." She then read several passages, and called her attention to the character, works, and will of the great Jehovah, and to Jesus Christ as the Saviour of the lost. The haughty prophetess quailed; her head drooped, and her garrulity ceased. She confessed that *Ke Akua* had left her, and she could not, therefore, reply. The oracle being silenced, the deluded prophetess herself joined in the repast; the conviction of Kapiolani that she ought to proceed was strengthened, and, true to her purpose, she went forward.

The missionaries at Hilo, hearing that Kapiolani had set out to visit them, were desirous to meet her at the volcano, and one of them accordingly traveled on foot twenty-five or thirty miles, till he joined her retinue on the brink of that stupendous wonder of the world. Kapiolani was much affected on meeting there a missionary coadjutor, and, accompanied by him, with a train of about eighty natives, she descended from the rim of the crater to the black ledge.

There, in full view of the terrific panorama before them, the effects of an agency always appalling, she calmly addressed the company thus: "Jehovah is my God. He kindled these fires. I fear not Pele. If I perish by the anger of Pele, then you may fear the power of Pele. But if I trust in Jehovah, and He shall save me from the wrath of Pele when I break through her *tabus*, then you must fear and serve the Lord Jehovah. All the gods of Hawaii are vain. Great is the goodness of Jehovah in sending missionaries to turn us from those vanities, to the living God and the way of righteousness."

Then, with the terrific bellowing and whizzing of the volcanic gases, they mingled their voices in a solemn hymn of praise to the true God; and at the instance of the chieftess, Alapai led them in prayer, while all bowed in adoration before Jehovah, as the Creator and Governor of all things. The great God of heaven heard their prayer. Kapiolani and her party went down courageously on that truly heroic mission, for so worthy an end, into that vast fire eaten pit, called *Lua Pele*, and came up therefrom unharmed. The spell was broken; the dread *Pele-tabu* was violated with impunity; and the death blow was given to the tyrant superstition, which had hitherto brooded over the Hawaiian imagination like a nightmare in a long reign of terror.

HENRY SMEATON: A Jacobite Story of the Reign of George the First. By G. P. R. James, Esq., Author of "The Old Oak Chest," "The Woodman," "The Forgery," &c., &c., &c. New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Phila.

James's novels are always unexceptionable, and we have glanced through the one before us sufficiently to assure his admirers that it contains the usual quantum of incident and adventure, and the usual mixture of sentiment and romance as displayed in the loves of a beautiful maiden and a gallant youth, who, after due discipline of troubles, are happily united.

THE DUCHESS; OR, WOMAN'S LOVE AND WOMAN'S HATE. A Novel. The three volumes of the London edition complete in one. Price 50 cts. Philadelphia: A. Hart, late Carey & Hart, 126 Chesnut Street.

This is a well written and interesting historical novel, the scene laid in France, and opening in the year 1525. The chief characters introduced are Louise, of Savoy, Duchess of Angouleme (the heroine), and the Bourbon who conquered Rome and died in the hour of victory.

APPLETON'S MECHANIC'S MAGAZINE AND ENGINEER'S JOURNAL. Edited by JULIUS W. ADAMS, C. E.

This is the first number of a periodical to be issued monthly, for the promotion of scientific knowledge among the people.

Clippings.

☞ The oldest penny newspaper in the world is the "New York Sun;" it was established in 1833. The oldest city Weekly in the United States, is the Saturday Evening Post, established in 1822.

☞ Mr. Calhoun's posthumous works on the "National Constitution," recommended to be purchased by the State, in the Message of the Governor of South Carolina, will make an octavo volume of 450 pages, and be made up of an elementary treatise on Government, and an elaborate disquisition on the Constitution.

☞ Jenny Lind is to arrive in New Orleans about the 1st of February, and remain there some weeks. She then goes up the Mississippi and visits St. Louis, Louisville, and Cincinnati.

☞ The Hon. Charles Augustus Murray, second son of the late Earl of Dunmore, and nephew of the Duke of Hamilton, was married in Scotland to Miss Elizabeth Wadsworth, of Genesee, N. Y., on the 14th of last month.

☞ One day last month the people of St. Paul, Minesota, witnessed a superb solar exhibition. From sunrise to sunset, three suns of equal brightness, and too dazzling for the naked eye, apparently arose at once in the horizon, and, the ground being covered with snow, poured forth a deluge of light far more intense than is usually witnessed. A stream of powerful refracted rays was blazing down from the real sun in the centre, like the blazing beard of a fiery comet, while on each side of the sun, like the segments which form a parenthesis—thus (.)—hung a brilliant sun-dog, with a local point in the centre of each, intensely luminous; so that the two suns, the offspring of the sun by refraction, shone in equal splendor.

☞ EIGHTH OF JANUARY AT NEW ORLEANS.—We see it stated in the New Orleans Picayune, that about ninety colored men, being the remainder of those who bore a part in the battle at that place, occupied a conspicuous position in the procession which was got up on the 8th inst., in honor of the day.

☞ Professor Forbes states the Irish to be the taller on the average than either the English or the Scotch. Having measured a thousand of each nation, English, Irish, and Scotch, he gives the following as the average height of each:—English, 68½ inches; Scotch, 64¼; Irish, 70; the age of each being 21 years.

☞ MORE POISONING BY APPLE BUTTER.—Mr. J. Patterson, wife, and two daughters, of Williamsport, Md., says the Clearspring Sentinel, have been poisoned by having eaten apple butter impregnated with poison from the glazing from the crocks in which the butter was placed. The two former are convalescent, but the latter continue very sick.

☞ The train of half a century ago, has been revived recently by some fashionable ladies. The Home Journal, in speaking of this new fashion, suggests that a certificate, respectably endorsed, that the same amount of velvet had been bought, and was in the possession of a lady at home, might be pinned upon the skirt, and answer the same or a better purpose, as nobody *sees* the train, in the crowd, but everybody *treads* upon it.

☞ It seems by a statement made by William L. Chaplin, at an Anti-Fugitive Slave-Law Convention, held at Syracuse, that the total cost of procuring his release from confinement in Washington and Maryland, was $28,000.

☞ Some wag of the press announces that one of the Siamese Twins has arrived in Charleston, South Carolina, *accompanied by his brother*.

☞ Macaulay, at the close of a long evening which he had occupied with a continuous stream of discourse, interrupted only by an occasional remark wedged in by a pertinacious barrister, was congratulated by Sydney Smith upon his extraordinary elocutionary powers, and *particularly for several very brilliant flashes of silence!*

☞ The mineral wealth of Schuylkill County, Pennsylvania, so far as explored, according to the official census returns, is larger than that of California. The amount of tonnage at the usual rate per ton of coal, actually exceeds per annum the gold dug in California, and brought to the markets of the world!

☞ "Hiram, did you ever take an emetic?" "Yes, once; and blow me if it didn't make me sick!"

☞ Mr. Bancroft, the historian, has estimated that at least one-third of the white population of the United States are directly descended from the twenty-two thousand Puritan emigrants who first settled New England.

☞ A man is, chemically speaking, 45 pounds of carbon and nitrogen diffused through five pailfuls of water.

☞ Gold has been discovered in New Hampshire—in the tooth of an old lady.

☞ What animal has the greatest quantity of brains? The hog, of course, for he has a *hogshead* full. Oh, dear, I shall faint!

☞ There is a negro living near Palestine, Illinois, who is the father of fifty-six children—has buried seven wives, and now, at the age of ninety years, is courting for the eighth wife.

☞ INTERESTING TO AUTHORS.—The Literary World announces that *hereafter* authors will not be allowed to review their own books in its columns!

☞ A boy, just beginning to read Congressional news, asked his father if the members of Congress were all deaf and dumb? He thought they were, because they made so many motions.

☞ "This animal," said an itinerant showman, "is the royal African hyena, measuring fourteen feet from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail, and the same distance back again, making in all twenty-eight feet. He cries in the woods, in the night season, like a human being in distress, and then devours all those who come to his assistance—a sad instance of the depravity of human nature!"

☞ An American gentleman of Manchester, England, having invited President Fillmore to the World's Fair, the latter respectfully declines the invitation.

☞ A man's eyes, the manlier they are, perceive at last that there is nothing nobler in them than their tears.

General News.

BOUNTY LAND.—The following resolutions have passed the Senate of this State:

Resolved, By the Senate and House of Representatives, that inasmuch as many of the soldiers recruited into the service of the United States before the conclusion of the war with Mexico were scarcely a month on duty, and yet received one hundred and sixty acres of land, it is, in the opinion of the General Assembly of this Commonwealth, both just and equitable that those who served in the war of 1812, whether upon land or water, as well as in the Indian wars, should receive the same number of acres of public domain.

Resolved, That the Governor of the State be requested to forward a copy of the foregoing resolution to each of our Senators and members of the House of Representatives in Congress, and that they be requested to vote in favor of the grant therein recommended.

SINGULAR PUNISHMENT.—A Mr. Lynton has lately made a communication to the Asiatic Society of London, descriptive of a mode of punishment peculiar to the criminal code of China:

A Chinese merchant, named Hiam-ly, accused and convicted of having killed his wife, was sentenced to die by the total deprivation of sleep. The execution took place at Amoy in the month of June last. The condemned was placed in prison under the *surveillance* of three guardians, who relieved each other every alternate hour, and who prevented him from taking any sleep, night or day. He lived thus for nineteen days, without having slept for a single minute. At the commencement of the eighth day, his sufferings were so cruel that he begged, as a great favor, that they would kill him by strangulation.

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION.—A bale of cotton was brought into one of our factories, the other day, and was immediately after discovered to be on fire. The cause of the combustion was, that the bale was in part saturated with oil on ship-board, in the voyage from New Orleans. We mention the circumstance, that masters who take cotton and linseed and lard oil from New Orleans, may be careful, as they would avoid the risk of burning ship and cargo, never to stow a cask of oil where by any possibility it can (by leaking) mix with the cotton. New Orleans papers will do well to notice this fact.—*Boston Advertiser.*

COMPARATIVE BANKING CAPITAL.—The Banking capital of the

City of New York is	$47,300,000
Of Boston,	21,780,000
Of Philadelphia,	10,518,000
In the State and City of New York, the Banking capital is	48,250,000
In Massachusetts, including Boston,	38,165,000
In Pennsylvania, including Phila.	18,528,000

LOOK OUT FOR THE TAIL-BOARD.—A farmer residing near Hulmeville, Bucks county, while travelling on the Milford road to market, a few mornings since, before daylight, had his tail-board let down, and six bags of oats stolen out of the back part of the wagon, without his being aware of it.

THE NEW SENATOR.—Mr. Brodhead, of Northampton County, recently elected to the U. S. Senate by the Legislature of Pennsylvania, is an ultra Democrat—opposed to the Wilmot Proviso—and was a warm supporter in Congress of Mr. Polk. He is said to be friendly to Mr. Buchanan.

A WHITE SQUIRREL.—Mr. W. B. Fifield, of this town, has left at our office a white squirrel, shot in the edge of Henniker, by Mr. Wm. Adams, of Hopkinton. It resembles a gray squirrel in size and in every other respect except color. It is as white as snow.—*Nashua Gazette.*

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

SATURDAY, Jan. 18, 1851.

REMARKS—There has been rather more activity in business since our last report. Cotton has been in limited request, but prices are fully maintained. In Groceries there has been more doing, and supplies of Sugar and Molasses from the South are coming forward more freely. Breadstuffs have been in better demand, but prices have undergone no change. The Money market continues easy, and the Banks are discounting about all the good paper presented. Exchange on England continues to rule at 110¼ a 110½, with rather more inquiry.

FLOUR AND MEAL—There has been rather more inquiry for Flour this week for shipment, and prices are steadily maintained; sales of 8,000 bbls standard and good brands at $4,62½a4,68¾, and better brands at $4,75 per bbl; sales to a fair extent for city consumption at $4,69 to 5,37½ for common and extra brands, and $5,50 to 6,50 for fancy Western and [illegible] York. Rye Flour continues inactive—small sales at $3,50. Corn Meal—The stock is small and prices firm; sales of 500 bbls Pennsylvania at $2,87½ and 600 bbls Brandywine at $3,12½ per bbl.

The quantity of Flour and Meal inspected during the week ending the 16th inst., comprised—

Wheat Flour,	bbls	13,198
do.	half bbls	298
Rye Flour,	bbls	338
Corn Meal,	bbls	1,264

GRAIN—There is no inquiry for Wheat, and the sales are only to small lots for bag milling at 98a$1,02 for red, and $1,10a1,12½ for white, including 1,200 bushels at the latter rate. Rye is scarce; small sales of Pennsylvania at 70c per bushel. Corn has been in good demand for shipment, and 18a19,000 bushels new yellow sold at 61½c afloat, and 60 cts in store. Oats are scarce and in demand; sales of 3,000 bushels prime Pennsylvania at 45c per bushel.

PROVISIONS—Pork is scarce; we quote Mess at $13a13,25, and Prime at $9,25. Mess Beef is steady at $12,50 per bbl. Bacon continues to come in slowly; sales of Hams in salt and pickle at 8½a9, and smoked at 8a10c per lb, and 10,000 lbs Shoulders, in salt, at 6c; the market is bare of Sides. Lard is held at 8¼a8½c per lb. In Butter and Cheese no change.

BARK—The demand continues limited, but prices have not varied; sales of 100 hhds No 1 at $32,50 per ton.

BEESWAX—Is scarce. Sales of 2,000 lbs good Yellow were at 24½a25c per lb cash.

CANDLES—Sales of Sperm in lots at 42a43, and Tallow at 9a10c per lb for Dipt and Mould; the demand is limited.

COAL—The receipts by railroad continue small; the demand, both for shipment and city consumption is limited, but the dealers are unwilling to accept any decline in prices.

COFFEE—The market is firm; a cargo of 3,000 bags Rio, and an import of 400 bags Laguayra have arrived, which were previously disposed of on private terms; 400 bags Rio sold in lots at 11½a11¾ cts per lb on time.

COPPER—Steady sales of English Sheathing at 21a21½, and Yellow Metal at 16½a17c, 6 mos.

COTTON—The demand is quite moderate, but prices are steadily maintained; sales of 700 bales Upland and New Orleans at 14½a15½, and some samples at 11c per lb on time. The receipts have been small, and the stock is much reduced.

The following is a statement of the movements of Cotton in the United States to the latest dates:

	Bales.
Exports to Great Britain since September 1, 1850,	278,000
do. do. do. do. in 1849,	275,000
do. do. do. do. in 1848,	352,000
Stock in N. York and Ports of Receipt,	483,000
do. do. do. do. in 1849,	460,000
do. do. do. do. in 1848,	469,000
Receipts at Port since Sept. 1, 1850,	934,500
do. do. last year,	983,000
do. do. year before,	937,000
Exports from the United States since Sept. 1, 1850,	430,000
do. do. do. do. in 1849,	420,000
do. do. do. do. in 1848,	504,000

DRUGS AND DYES—Sales of Soda Ash, in lots at 3a3½c; Sal Soda is scarce and commands 2½c per lb; 40 cases Lac Dye, and 40 tons Brimstone sold on private terms. Castor Oil is held in few hands, and for higher prices.

FEATHERS—Continues scarce. Sales of good and prime Western at 35a37c per lb.

FISH—Mackerel are dull, as usual during the suspension of canal navigation, and the sales are confined to small lots, from store, at $10,75a11 for No. 1, $9,75a10 for No. 2, and $6,25a6,50 for No. 3 per bbl. Codfish sell in small lots at 2½a3 per lb.

FRUIT—A cargo of 4,399 boxes Palermo Oranges and Lemons have arrived, and been disposed of on the wharf at $2a2,37½ per box. Small sales of Bunch Raisins at $2 per box. Dried Apples and Peaches are dull of sales at former rates.

GINSENG—Crude is scarce and in demand at 40 [illegible] per lb, cash, at which sales of 4,000 lbs have been made.

GUANO—Continues in limited request at our former quotations.

HEMP—The market has been quiet; a small lot of Dew Rot sold at $125 per ton on time.

HIDES—An import of 3,000 Laguayra Hides has arrived, which were previously contracted for on terms not made public.

HOPS—Small sales of Eastern and Western at 34a35c per lb.

INDIGO—Market firm, but no large sales have transpired this week.

IRON—The market is quiet, but holders are firm of the late advance; small sales of No 1 Anthracite at $22, and No. 2 at $20 per ton 6 mos. Scotch Pig is held for higher prices. In Manufactured Iron no change.

LEAD—Prices are firm; sales of 3,000 pigs Galena at $4,97½a5 per 100 lbs equal to cash, and 50 tons Spanish at near the latter price.

LEATHER—The stock of all kinds is much reduced, and prices are firm.

LUMBER—The market is quiet; some further sales of Laths at $1,75 per M.

MOLASSES—Supplies of New Orleans are beginning to come in more freely; sales of 300 bbls at 32, and 300 hhds Cuba at 22c on time.

NAVAL STORES—Sales of Spirits of Turpentine in lots at 41c per gallon. In Tar and Pitch no change. Sales of 1,000 bbls common and Soap Rosin at $1,50 a 1,60 per bbl.

OILS—Fish Oils are in limited request at former rates. Linseed Oil is scarce, and sells at 80a85 per gallon. In Lard Oil no change.

PLASTER—None arriving, and no sales.

RICE—Prices are firm; sales of 95 tcs in lots at 3½a3¾c per lb on time.

SALT—A cargo of 3,000 bushels Turks Island have been disposed of at about 25c per bushel on time.

SEEDS—There has been more inquiry for Cloverseed, and 10a12,000 bushels sold at $4,75a5 per bushel. In Timothy and Flaxseed nothing doing.

SPICES—Market quiet, and no sales worthy of notice have transpired.

SPIRITS—A cargo of Brandy has arrived, and is now landing, but prices are unchanged. Small sales of N E Rum at 32c. Whiskey has declined; sales of bbls at 26a26½, and hhds at 25a24½c, closing dull at the lowest rates.

SUGAR—There has been a fair demand, and prices are steadily maintained. Sales of 800 hhds New Orleans at $6,50a6,75, some Cuba yellow at $6,75, and white Brazil at $7,50, all on time.

TALLOW—Sales of Rendered, in lots, at 7¼a7½c per lb.

TEAS—There is no change to notice in the market, and the sales are limited.

TOBACCO—The market has been quiet, and the sales of Kentucky Leaf have mostly been in small lots at full rates.

WINES—Port Wines are held with more firmness, but in other kinds there is no change, and no large sales have transpired.

WOOL—The stock in the dealers' hands is much reduced, and prices have an upward tendency. Sales of 30,000 lbs at 37½ to 50c per lb on time.

FREIGHTS—To Liverpool considerable engagements of Flour have been made at 1s 6d per bbl; Grain 5½a5d per bushel, and Heavy Goods at 20a25s per ton. Colliers are in limited demand at $2,25 per ton to Boston, and $1,50 to New York.—*Inquirer.*

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY CHARLES CAMBLOS, STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKER.

No. 22 South Third street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Monday last. Market closing firm.

	Bid.	Asked.		Bid.	Asked.
U S 6s '56	108	—	Southwark	70	70½
" '62	111	—	Kensington	59	59½
" '67	116	116½	P Township	28	—
" '68	116	—	Girard	13¼	13½
" 5s '53	101	—	Western	65	66
" 5s '54	98	—	Man & Mechs	28	28¼
Jan Int off			Bk of Com	50	—
U S Tr N 6s	—	—	Camden N J	53	—
" 1 mill	—	—	Germantown	52	53
Philada 6s	103¼	104	Tren Bk Co	35	—
" 5s	90	91	Pitts'bg Bk	50¼	—
" " Gas	—	—	M & M Pitts	51	—
County 5s	89	89½	Exchange Pitts	48½	49
Penna 6s	101¼	102	Com, Cin	15	—
" 5s	95	95½	Louis, Ky	108	—
Kentucky 6s	105	—	Kentucky Bk	109¼	110
Tennessee 5s	84	85	Northern	110	—
Illinois 6s	61	64	Union, Tenn	69¼	71
Cincinnati 6s	97	97½	Planters Tenn	69¼	—
Texas T Notes	45	50	Vicksburg	19	19¼
" Ints 8s	50	60	Com. Natchez	—	—
Schuyl N 6s	51	52	N O Gas Bk	118	—
" Int	—	—	Schuyl Nav	18	18¼
Lehigh N 6s	79	80	Lehigh Nav	37	38
" Int loan	73	—	C & Del Cl	82	85
" Mort 6s	92¼	93	Morris Cl	23¼	23½
C & Del Cl 6s	95	96	Penn&Ohio Cl	33	36
C & Am R Lds	93	94	Union Cl	14¼	14½
Bea Mdw R 6s	75	—	Cam & Am R	136	—
Susqueh Cl 6s	62	62¼	Penna R	43	—
Norrist'n R 6s	95	—	Bea Mdw R	20¼	21
Harris R 6s	92¼	93	Lykens Val R	15	—
Wil R 6s	90¼	91	North Am Cl	17¼	17½
Read R 6s	82¼	83	Susqueh Cl	14	—
" Mort 6s	84	84½	Norristown R	35	35½
U S Bk Notes	90	—	Harrisburg R	47	47½
U S Bk Shares	1¾	2	Wilmington R	31	33
N Amer Bk	134	—	Reading R	35¼	36
Penna Bk	117	119¼	Minehill R	65	—
Philadelphia	135¼	139	N Liberty Gas	22	25
Far & Mec	69¼	70	Flem Copper	1	—
Commercial	60	60½	N J Copper	1	—
N Liberty	52	—	N W Min Co	25	—
Mechanics	29	29½			

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 145—adults 52, and children 93.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1851.

SATURDAY EVENING POST STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE. No. 66 South Third Street, Phila., Where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., &c., are printed with dispatch, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms. DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

From Washington.

THIRTY-FIRST CONGRESS.

SENATE.

On the 13th, Mr. Turney and John Davis presented petitions from inventors, relating to the amendment of the Patent Laws.

Mr. Seward presented a petition from five hundred citizens of the United States, in favor of the freedom of Public Lands to actual settlers.

Mr. Cooper presented three petitions from Delaware and Chester counties, of Pennsylvania, asking for the immediate repeal of the Fugitive Slave Law. He said that it was an invariable rule with him, whenever any petition was respectful in terms, and was on a subject within the legitimate powers of Congress, to present it. He was informed that the petitioners were highly respectable persons, but he believed that in their petition they asked that which the people of Pennsylvania generally did not desire. He believed the great body of the people in Pennsylvania are satisfied with the settlement on the subject of slavery, made at the last session, and do not desire that it should be disturbed. They desire the acts of the last session to continue—desire to stand by them, and carry them out in good faith.

The petitions were referred to the Judiciary Committee.

Mr. Cooper presented a number of petitions against the extension of the area of freedom.—Laid on the table. Also, a large number of petitions in favor of the modification of the Tariff. A large number of petitions were presented.

The Bill granting to Wisconsin a donation of public land to supply a deficiency in the former grants, for purposes of public improvements, ordered, on Friday, to be engrossed, was taken up and passed.

Mr. Underwood moved to take up the joint resolution from the House, authorizing an assignment of military land warrants. Lost—ayes 17, nays 25.

The Senate then took up the Bill to cede public lands of the United States, to States respectively in which they are situated, on condition that said States shall severally grant and convey said lands to actual occupants only, in limited quantities, for cost of survey, transfer, and title muniments merely.

Mr. Felch addressed the Senate in a statistical speech, showing the condition of the public lands, as a source of revenue, and in opposition to the Bill. Without concluding, the Senate adjourned.

On the 14th, Mr. Hamlin presented a petition from Thomas Ritchie, asking to be relieved from his contract for the execution of the public printing; or that new prices, fifty per cent. less than those fixed by the law of 1819, be substituted for those now allowed.

Mr. Shields moved, and the Bill from the House to reduce and define the boundaries of the Military Reserve at St. Peter's River, Minesota, and to secure the rights of actual settlers thereon, was taken up, and after some verbal amendments, it was ordered to be engrossed.

Mr. Jones called up the Bill to amend the act supplemental to the act for the admission of California into the Union. The Bill merely regulates the time and places for holding United States Courts in Iowa, and was ordered to be engrossed.

The Senate then took up the Bill to cede the public lands to States in which they are situated, on condition, &c.

Mr. Felch resumed his speech in opposition to the Bill. He contended that any change in the present system of the disposing of the public lands would be attended with great cost, confusion and loss to the Government, and the free gift of this land would be unjust to those who have invested their all in land, from the reason that the value of such investments would thereby become considerably reduced, if not destroyed. He investigated the doctrine that the right to live implies an equal right to have a place to live in, and pronounced it wholly untenable.

Mr. Walker commenced a speech in defence of the general principles of the Bill. Such conservatism as Mr. Felch's had delayed the abolition of imprisonment for debt, and gave a creditor power to take the bed from the feeble mother, and the cradle from the infant babe. He contended that man had a natural right to food, clothing and shelter, and that the Government should secure these to all. Compared with these rights, wealth, trade, commerce and manufactures were but secondary considerations. He proceeded at length to show that Congress had done much for every branch of industry, save the agricultural and mechanic arts, and without concluding, gave the floor to Mr. Norris, on whose motion the Senate adjourned.

On the 15th, Mr. Dickinson presented three petitions about amending the Patent Laws.

Mr. Clay presented three petitions from Indiana, praying that Congress would adopt some steps to remove all those free colored persons in the United States who are willing to go to Africa, and that provision be made for their support for one year after their arrival there. Also, a petition from Rhode Island, signed by every member of the State Senate, most of the members of the House, by ex-Governors, ex-Senators, ex-members of the Legislature, by many of the literati of the State, by many heads of Colleges, and by a great body of the citizens in private life. They pray that more effectual means may be adopted for the suppression of the African slave trade. They depict the horrors of the trade in vivid colors, and represent that the measures adopted by Great Britain, France and the United States, by keeping up squadrons on the Coast of Africa, have proved a failure. They represent that the only effectual remedy for the suppression of the African slave trade, is the encouragement of establishing colonies all along the coast of Africa. The colonies now there, within their limits, have wholly suppressed the trade, and they occupy one-third of the coast. The petitioners ask that a line of steamers or of packets be established to ply between us and the coast of Africa.

Mr. Clay said these petitions had suggested to him the importance of the subject. He alluded to the report lately sent to the Senate by the State Department, in which it appeared that the importation of slaves into Brazil, Cuba and other Southern countries, has increased immensely. This trade is mainly carried on by American vessels. Ninety-three American vessels cleared within one year from parts in Brazil for the Coast of Africa. These American vessels were sold in the Brazilian ports on condition that they be delivered in ports on the Coast of Africa. The vessel, therefore, while actually sold, sails to Africa under the American flag. When arrived there, the captain sees the agent to whom he is to deliver the vessel. He then informs his crew that the vessel is sold—that a new crew is to be shipped, and that the American flag is to come down. The poor sailors have the alternative to remain and perish from want on the Coast of Africa, or to ship and navigate the vessel with a cargo of slaves to Brazil. It had been recommended, as a means of breaking up this proceeding, that the United States shall refuse to grant sea-letters, or other documents, allowing vessels to sail from any of those ports to the Coast of Africa, for there is no trade to carry them there, except the slave trade.

All agree that the squadron on the Coast of Africa has been a failure, so far as stopping the slave trade; at all events, it is ascertained that the good results have not been equivalent to the great cost and sacrifice of health and life in keeping the squadron up. The United States keep up the squadron on the Coast of Africa under the eighth article of the Treaty of Washington, amounting to a force of eighty guns, and also a squadron on the Coast of Brazil. These squadrons cost half a million of dollars annually, besides a great sacrifice of life and health. He thought that if these squadrons, as they did not prevent the trade, were withdrawn, there would not be such a sacrifice of African lives. He thought there was no effectual remedy to suppress the slave trade but the occupation of the whole coast by colonies, and thus stop the trade at home and on its threshold.

By the treaty of Washington, the United States is only obliged to keep the squadron on the Coast of Brazil for five years. Those five years have long since expired. It was a question of financial economy whether this squadron should be kept up at such an expense, and the lives of gallant seamen be jeopardized and sacrificed, when no good fruits follow. There was no project of the age equal to that of transporting, with their own consent, to the Coast of Africa, the people of color. What was to become of them here? In this city, under the eye of Congress, their number has been doubled in the last ten years. Many of the States of the Union have already adopted legislation for their exclusion, and prohibitions against them have been adopted in several State Constitutions. What, in the name of humanity, is to become of them here? Nothing can be done for their relief except to transport them to the home of their ancestors.

It will benefit the whites of the North, the slaves of the South, and greatly improve the condition of the poor creatures themselves—for, if they remain here, they must continue to be a degraded race. No one—no section, or State or countries can be injured by their colonization on the Coast of Africa. If we could only give up the prejudices and unhappy causes of the agitation which has so long disturbed us—if the people of the North would only permit the people of the South to conduct and manage their own domestic affairs for themselves—if they would only consider that if slavery be an evil, it is confined only to the people of the South—if they would join in with us in this grand scheme, and aid us in the only effectual means to benefit the free negroes, how much peace and harmony would result? He moved, and the memorials were referred to the Committee on Commerce.

Mr. Hale said that he held a petition signed by over three hundred citizens of Montgomery County, Pennsylvania. It was not signed by any Ex-Governor or members of Congress—none of the literati were among them. He was told, however, by the Senator from Pennsylvania, that one of the signers was a brother of a man who was once a candidate for Governor. [Laughter.] The petitioners pray the immediate repeal of the Act of September 18th, 1850, for the recapture of fugitive slaves. He would have presented this petition, and let it take that sleep which all such petitions are doomed to take, without a remark, had not the Senator from Pennsylvania, a few days ago, set the example by stating his opinion of the petition. I believe Congress ought to repeal the law, or ought to modify it essentially. I believe that the law is a reproach on the civilization of the age, and a perfect parody on the Constitution.

Mr. Foote—I call the Senator to order. It is not in order thus to characterize the legislation of the country.

Mr. Rusk said he had another point of order, and that was, it was not in order to discuss petitions, and thus consume all the morning hour.

The Chair said that Mr. Hale had a right to express his opinion of the law, but the rule was, that in presenting petitions, nothing was in order but to state briefly the contents of the petition.

Mr. Foote—Does the Chair decide that the denunciation of the law was not out of order?

The Chair—The Chair has made such a decision.

Mr. Foote—Then the Senator is at liberty to go on as long as he pleases, denouncing the legislation of Congress.

Mr. Hale—I assure the Senate that I will not go one-tenth the extent in condemning the law as the Senator from Mississippi did in his denunciation of an action of Congress, at its last session, in regard to the public printer. [Laughter.]

Mr. Foote—I was very wrong, I know. [Laughter.]

Mr. Hale—I think the Senator from Kentucky, in his remarks this morning, was wholly mistaken in saying that the petitions he presented recommended the only—

Mr. Foote—I call the Senator to order. It was not in order to discuss the subject of colonization in presenting this petition.

The Chair said the Senator from New Hampshire was not in order.

Mr. Hale—All I have to say is that I am glad that I have elicited such a tender regard for the rules. [Laughter.]

Mr. Whitcomb moved that the petition be laid on the table.

Mr. Turney said other petitions had been referred, and why should this not be?

Mr. Foote demanded the yeas and nays, which were ordered.

The roll was called, and many Senators present did not vote.

Before the vote was announced, Mr. Foote demanded an enforcement of the rule which required every Senator to vote.

Mr. Yulee said if the call was aimed at him, he would say that he did not vote, and had not voted, for a purpose.

Mr. Foote insisted on the enforcement of the rule.

Mr. Yulee said that he would state his reasons. Objections made from various quarters.

Mr. Jefferson Davis considered the Senator had a right to state his reasons for not voting.

Mr. Yulee then asked to be excused from voting. The reason why he did not vote was, that resolutions were now pending before the Legislature of Florida, instructing the Senators from that State not to vote on any question connected with the Fugitive Slave Law.

Mr. Mangum called for the yeas and nays on excusing Mr. Yulee. [Great confusion in the chamber.]

Mr. Hamlin thought all this was out of order—that while the Senator was voting on one subject, no other could be interposed, as was now contemplated.

Mr. Hale said it was a vote within a vote. No person could be excused from voting, unless he was excused before the vote was commenced.

The Chair was understood to say the proceedings were out of order. (Great confusion.)

Mr. Berrien said he had been momentarily out of the Hall, and desired the Senator from Florida, (Mr. Yulee,) to repeat his reasons for asking to be excused.

Mr. Yulee again stated the reasons.

Mr. Berrien said that even if the resolution of instructions had passed the Legislature of Florida, he did not think they should prevent the Senator from discharging the duty of all Senators imposed by the Constitution.

Mr. Hale asked to be excused from voting on the motion to excuse the Senator from Florida. (Laughter.) There was a law requiring all to vote, and he was undetermined whether to vote for the enforcement of law, or to wait for a higher law which was expected from Florida. (Laughter.)

Mr. Seward said that he considered it a matter to be judged of by every one for himself, whether to vote or not vote on any question—he would not vote to compel another to vote.

Mr. Foote was glad that the New Hampshire Senator had espoused the Higher Law Principle. He was, however, somewhat surprised to see how the Senators from New York and Florida harmonized on the general doctrine of a Higher Law.

The Chair, after consideration, decided that no motion to excuse was in order while the Senate was dividing. No motion to excuse was now in order—the rule required every Senator to vote.

Mr. Yulee rose to speak.

Mr. Hale called to order.

The Chair decided that no further remarks were in order.

The Chair—Call the Senator from Florida.

Secretary—Mr. Yulee. [No response.]

Mr. Yulee. [No response.]

The Chair said he had now discharged his duty. It was for the Senate to act.

Mr. Winthrop said the practice in the House was to call a member, and when he refused to answer, to proceed with the vote, and afterwards it was a question whether to censure the member or not.

Mr. Phelps said he desired to vote, and his name was recorded.

Mr. Upham also voted.

Mr. Baldwin also voted.

Mr. Butler said he had not voted, nor did he intend to vote. He occupied the same position as the Senator from Florida. He would not vote.

The Chair—Call the Senator from South Carolina.

Secretary—Mr. Butler—Mr. Butler.

No response was given.

The Chair announced the vote to be decided in the affirmative, and the petition was laid on the table.

The vote was as follows:

Yeas—Messrs. Atchison, Bell, Berrien, Borland, Bradbury, Cass, Clay, Clemens, Davis, of Miss., Dawson, Dickinson, Dodge, of Iowa, Douglas, Downs, Felch, Foote, Gwin, Houston, Hunter, Jones, King, Mangum, Mason, Morton, Norris, Pearce, Phelps, Rusk, Sebastian, Shields, Soule, Sprague, Underwood, Wales, Whitcomb.

Nays—Messrs. Baldwin, Benton, Chase, Cooper, Davis, Dayton, Dodge, of Wisconsin, Ewing, Hale, Hamlin, Miller, Seward, Smith, Upham, Walker, Winthrop.

Mr. Seward presented a petition signed by five hundred citizens of Hudson, N. Y., praying for the immediate repeal of the Fugitive Slave Law, and moved that it be referred to the Committee on the Judiciary.

Mr. Mangum moved that the motion to refer be laid on the table. Carried without a count.

Mr. Dickinson's notice of a joint resolution giving surgeons in the Navy, for land service, the same rations as are given to medical officers of the Army.

Mr. Benton reported back, with amendment, the Bill to direct the payment to California of all moneys collected in her ports as revenue or imposts, prior to her admission into the Union.

The Senate took up the Bill granting five years' pension to certain widows and orphans of soldiers of the United States, and, after some debate, the Bill was postponed.

The Senate took up the Bill to cede public lands to States, &c.

Mr. Walker concluded his speech in favor of the Bill.

Mr. Benton gave notice of an amendment.

Mr. Seward said he desired to speak on the Bill, but not now—and on his motion, the subject was postponed for one week.

The French Spoliation Bill was then taken up, but before taking any action the Senate went into Executive session, and shortly after adjourned.

On the 16th, Mr. Miller presented a petition from silk manufacturers of New Jersey, asking a modification of the tariff of 1846.

Mr. Hunter presented the credentials of Mr. Mason, as Senator from Virginia, for the term of six years from March, 1851.

Mr. Seward presented a petition from a large number of inventors, remonstrating against the passage of the Bill relating to patent laws—also, from citizens of Washington, Niagara, and St. Lawrence Counties, New York, and from Richfield in the same State, and Norristown and Philadelphia, in Pennsylvania, all praying for the repeal of the Fugitive Slave Law. Laid on the table.

A petition from Richfield, New York, praying the abolition of slavery in Utah and New Mexico was presented by Mr. Seward, who moved its reference to the Committee on Territories.

Mr. Clay moved to lay it on the table. Carried.

Mr. Seward presented a petition from the same place, asking for the abolition of Slavery in the District of Columbia, and moved its reference.

Mr. Clay moved to lay it on the table. Carried.

Mr. Hamlin presented a petition for the repeal of the Fugitive Slave Law. Laid on the table.

Mr. Dickinson presented a memorial from the Industrial Congress, relative to patent laws.

Mr. Pearce introduced a joint resolution, concerning the distribution of works of the exploring expedition. Ordered to be engrossed.

Mr. Shields offered a resolution calling on the President to communicate to the Senate all the information in his possession, touching the difficulties in Central America, and the conduct of Chatfield, the British Agent. Adopted.

Mr. Benton offered a resolution, calling for all correspondence between the United States and the Spanish Minister, concerning the Contoy prisoners, and the invasion of Cuba. Laid over.

Several engrossed Bills were taken up and passed.

After an ineffectual motion to take up particular Bills, the Bill to provide for the ascertaining and payment of claims of American citizens for spoliations by the French, was taken up.

Section one enacts, that satisfaction shall be made to the amount not exceeding five millions of dollars, to such citizens of the United States, or their legal representatives, as had valid claims to indemnity upon the French Government, arising out of illegal captures, detentions, seizures, condemnations, and confiscations, committed prior to the ratification of the Treaty with France, of September, 1800; provided that this act do not include the claims embraced in the Treaty of April, 1803.

Mr. Smith alluded to the long delay in the settlement of these claims. The subject had long been examined in Congress, and no less than twenty seven favorable reports have been made by Committees of the Senate and House. No adverse report has been made since the year 1826. Bills for the payment of these claims have frequently passed the Senate. In the twenty-ninth Congress a Bill passed both Houses, which was vetoed by the President. The Bill coming up again in the Senate on the question as to whether it should pass, notwithstanding the objections of the President, the vote stood yeas 27, nays 15. A change of one vote would have passed it. He said the claims were of four classes—first, contract cases, where supplies were furnished to the West India Islands and to the Continent of France. Second, the detention, for a year, of eighty vessels in the port of Bordeaux, by the embargo. Third, the forcible capture and detention of fifty American vessels. Fourth, for depredations committed on our commerce in the West Indies. He read from various documents to show the nature of each of these different classes in detail. He had not concluded his remarks when he yielded the floor, and the Senate adjourned.

On the 17th, the Chair laid before the Senate a communication from the War Department, enclosing a report of the Topographical Engineers on the inundation of the lower Mississippi. Ordered to be printed.

The Chair presented the credentials of Mr. [illegible] for six years, elected Senator from Pennsylvania [illegible] after March 4, 1851.

Mr. [illegible] introduced a Bill for the appointment of [illegible] of Appraisers at large, and for other purposes. He pointed out the evils of the present laws [illegible] and inconveniencing Appraisers, and the loss [illegible] Bill proposed the [illegible] the present system. His [illegible] large, and thought the [illegible] of Appraisers at some extent. His Bill would be a remedy to some change in regard to [illegible] proposed to make [illegible] stead of foreign valuation [illegible] valuation, in-

Mr. Hunter said, that at a proper [illegible] of the Tariff of 1846 would prove the friends highly beneficial and successful in [illegible] it was but it was not perfect, and might be amended [illegible] great propriety in this particular of [illegible] ment.

The Bill was referred to the Finance Committee.

Mr. Benton's resolution, calling for copies of correspondence relating to the Contoy prisoners and the invasion of Cuba, was taken up and adopted.

Mr. Downs' resolution, fixing Friday of each week for the consideration of private Bills, was taken up, and, after debate, adopted.

The French Spoliation Bill was then taken up.

Mr. Smith resumed his speech. He read, and commented upon at great length, extracts from all the treaties between the United States and France, and maintained, in conclusion, that further delay in the payment of these claims would have the appearance of repudiation.

Mr. Hunter got the floor, and on motion of Mr. Mangum the Senate adjourned till Monday.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 13th, Mr. John Brisbin, from the Eleventh District of Pennsylvania, elected to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Chester Butler, took his seat.

Last Monday, Mr. Cobb, of Alabama, moved to reconsider the vote by which the House refused to suspend the rules to enable Mr. Julian to introduce a memorial from the anti-slavery Friends of Indiana, asking for the repeal of the Fugitive Slave Law. This morning the Speaker decided that Mr. Cobb's motion could not be entertained.

Mr. Bayly asked the unanimous consent to introduce a resolution making the Military Academy, Revolutionary and Pensions, Navy Pensions and Indian Department Appropriation Bills the order of the day for the next day, to be continued until disposed of. There were now but forty-two working days, and unless these Bills be made the special order, all the Appropriation Bills would be crowded into the last days of the session, by which a great deal of mischief would be done.

Mr. Wentworth said if these be made the special order, there would be no chance for the River and Harbor Bill.

The House refused to suspend the rules; yeas 88, nays 89.

On motion of Mr. Chandler, the rules were suspended, when he introduced a resolution directing the Committee on Commerce to inquire into the expediency of reducing the value of the silver coins of the United States, by diminishing their weight, or increasing the portion of alloy in the same, or both, so as to prevent their exportation. The resolution was adopted.

Mr. McLanahan moved to suspend the rules to introduce a resolution that it would be inexpedient and improper to repeal the law passed at the last session, entitled "An Act to amend and supplementary to an act entitled 'An Act respecting fugitives from justice, and persons escaping from the service of their masters,' approved the twelfth February, 1793."

Mr. Sackett wanted to amend, but the proposition was not in order, as the resolution was not yet before the House.

The noise was so great that the Clerk had repeatedly to suspend calling the yeas and nays. The Speaker informed the gentlemen engaged in conversation that the business of the House was delayed by them, and they were often requested by the Speaker to take their seats. Finally the vote was announced—yeas 123, nays 84, as follows:

Yeas—Messrs. Albertson, Allen, Alston, Andrews, Ashe, Bayly, Beale, Bingham, Bokee, Bowdon, Bowie, Boyd, Brooks, Brown, of Miss., Brown, of Ind., Buel, Bullard, Cabell, of Fla., Cable, of Ohio, Caldwell, of N. C., Campbell, Chandler, Clingman, Cobb, of Ala., Colcock, Daniel, Deberry, Duer, Dunham, Ewing, Featherston, Fuller, Gentry, Gerry, Gorman, Gould, Green, Hall, Haralson, Harris, of Ill., Haymond, Henry, Holladay, Howard, Howe, Hubbard, Inge, Jackson, of Ga., Johnson, of Ark., Kaufman, King, of N. Y., La Sere, Leffler, Littlefield, Mann, of Pa., Mason, McLanahan, McLean, of Ky., McQueen, McWillie, Meade, Miller, of Ohio, Millson, Moore, Morris, Morton, Orr, Otis, Outlaw, Owen, Parker, Penn, Phelps, Potter, Powell, Reed, Robbins, Jr., Root, Rose, Savage, Schenck, Seddon, Sheppard, Sprague, Stanly, Stanton, of Tenn., Stanton, of Ky., Stephens, of Ga., Taylor, Thomas, Thompson, of Miss., Thompson, of Pa., Venable, Walden, Wallace, Wellborn, Wentworth, Williams, Wilmot, Woodward, Young.

Nays—Messrs. Alexander, Ashmun, Averett, Bell, Bennett, Booth, Bowlin, Breck, Burrows, Butler, Caldwell, of Ky., Calvin, Cartter, Cole, Conger, Corwin, Crowell, Dickey, Disney, Durkee, Evans, of Ohio, Fitch, Fowler, Freedley, Gilmore, Goodenow, Gott, Grinnell, Hammond, Harlan, Hebard, Hilliard, Hoagland, Houston, Jackson, of N. Y., Johnson, of Tenn., Johnson, of Ky., Jones, of Tenn., King, of R. I., King, of N. J., King, of N. Y., Mann, of Mass., Marshall, Matteson, McDonald, McDowell, McGaughey, Meacham, Miller, of Iowa, Morrison, Nelson, Ogle, Olds, Peaslee, Peck, Pitman, Richardson, Risley, Robinson, Rockwell, Ross, Rumsey, Jr., Sackett, Sawtelle, Schermerhorn, Sylvester, Stetson, Sweetser, Tuck, Underhill, Van Dyke, Vinton, Waldo, White, Whittlesey, Wright.

So the rules were not suspended—not two-thirds.

On the 14th, the House went into Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union, and took up the Bill to Reduce and Modify the Rates of Postage.

Mr. McLane, of Kentucky, was utterly opposed to the pre-payment, for thereby the amount of letters would be curtailed. Various amendments were offered, and rejected.

Mr. Caldwell's of Ky., amendment was adopted—that no Post Office now existing shall be discontinued, nor any mail service be discontinued or diminished, in consequence of any diminution in the revenues that may result from this act; and it shall be the duty of the Postmaster General to establish new Post Offices, and place the mail service on new mail routes established, or that may be established; and provide that the compensation of Postmasters shall not be diminished in consequence of the passage of this act.

The amendment of Mr. McKisson, charging printed circulars and pamphlets with letter postage was adopted.

On the 15th, the House, shortly after assembling, went into Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union, and resumed the consideration of the Cheap Postage Bill.

Mr. Potter offered a substitute for the first section of the original Bill, namely:—upon each letter not weighing over half-an-ounce, three cents, and three cents additional for each additional half-ounce, or fraction of half-an-ounce; provided that no Post Office now in existence shall be discontinued; nor shall the mail service on any mail route be discontinued or diminished in consequence of any diminution of the revenues that may result from the passage of this act; and provided it shall be the duty of the Postmaster General to establish new Post Offices and place mail service on new mail routes established, or that may be established, in the same manner as though this act had not been passed, and provided also that the compensation of the Postmaster shall not be diminished in consequence of the passage of this act.

After an unsuccessful effort to amend this, it was adopted—yeas 91, nays 71. So the first section of the Bill was disposed of by the Committee.

The Committee proceeded to the consideration of the second section of the Bill.

On the 16th, the House went into Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union, and resumed the consideration of the Cheap Postage Bill.

The second section, relative to printed matter, was amended, and reads as follows:—That on every description of printed matter, of no greater weight than two ounces, one cent shall be paid. Bound books, not weighing over thirty ounces, are deemed mailable matter. Provided, that newspapers delivered within the State where they are printed shall be charged one-half of the foregoing rates; and no postage to be charged on newspapers printed or delivered within the county where they are published, or circulating within thirty miles of the place where they are printed; and provided, also, that fifty per cent. shall be deducted from the postage on magazines, when paid in advance. Agreed to.

Mr. Potter moved to strike out the third section, and insert a provision authorizing the Directors of the Mint to coin three cent coins, three-fourths silver and one-fourth copper, to weigh twelve and three-eighths of a grain, with suitable device, to differ from the one used on gold or silver coins. Adopted.

Mr. Littlefield offered an amendment, to the effect that no newspaper advocating violent resistance to the laws of the land passed in accordance with the Constitution, shall pass through the mail except by paying double rates of postage. (Laughter.) Declared out of order.

On motion of Mr. Potter, the fourth section was amended, making it the duty of the Postmaster General to furnish the Deputy Postmasters with three-cent stamps, with, of allowing the discount of fifty per cent. to those who purchase fifty dollars worth of them.

Mr. Dickey moved to strike out the whole of the fourth section, and substitute stamped envelopes for stamps, to avoid frauds. After an ineffectual effort to amend, it was rejected.

Mr. Crowell moved to abolish the franking privilege. Rejected, yeas 44, nays 99.

On motion of Mr. Ashmun, the amendment making it a felony to forge stamps, punishable with fine and imprisonment, was adopted.

The last section, appropriating one million and a half dollars to meet any deficiency that might occur from the passage of this act, was then taken up for consideration.

Mr. Brooks' amendment establishing post routes in cities and towns at one or two cents each, receivable and deliverable within the post-office or town, to be a penny-post in New York or other places, was adopted.

Mr. Putnam offered an amendment, which was rejected, requiring the Postmaster General to reduce the postage to two cents on letters, when the revenue of the Department, at the rates by this act shall exceed its expenses by more than five per cent. for more than two consecutive years. Other amendments were offered and rejected.

On the 17th, the Cheap Postage Bill was taken out of Committee of the Whole, and Mr. Potter demanded the previous question upon it.

Mr. Jones called for the reading of the Bill. It provides for a postage of three cents on each letter not weighing over half an ounce—no post-office or post-route to be discontinued, or compensation for Postmasters to be diminished in consequence of the passage of this Bill.

On printed matter of no greater weight than two ounces, one cent. Bound books not weighing over thirty ounces to be deemed mailable matter. Newspapers delivered within the State where they are printed, chargeable with only half of the foregoing rates. No postage on those mailed to actual subscribers in the county where they are printed, or within thirty miles from the place of publication. Fifty per cent. to be deducted from the postage on magazines, when pre-paid.

Three cent pieces made three-fourths silver, and one-fourth copper.

Stamps as now, to be provided and sold at the post-offices. Forgery of them to be punishable by fine and imprisonment.

One million and a half of dollars to be appropriated to meet the deficiencies in the revenue.

Letters uncalled for within a period of two weeks, to be published once only.

The Postmaster General to establish suitable places of deposit for letters in cities and towns, to be collected and delivered by carriers, at one or two cents each.

A motion to lay the Bill on the table was negatived—yeas 61, nays 139.

The question was then taken on agreeing to the first amendment of the original Bill, namely, substituting three cents uniform for the three and five cents postage rates, and was decided in the affirmative—yeas 121, nays 83.

The other amendments were agreed to. The one establishing penny-posts, by yeas 106, nays 89.

The Bill, the synopsis of which is given in the preceding part of this report, was then passed—yeas 130, nays 75.

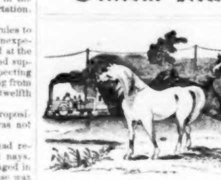
Yeas—Messrs. Alexander, Allen, Andrews, Ashmun, Bingham, Baker, Booth, Bowlin, Breck, Brooks, Buel, Burrows, Butler, Cable, Cleveland, Campbell, Casey, Chandler, Clarke, De Berry, Conger, Corwin, Crowell, Danner, Evans, Dimmick, Doty, Duncan, Durkee, Freedley, Gerry, Evans, of Ohio, Fitch, Fowler, Gott, Gould, Giddings, Gilbert, Gilmore, Goodenow, Hampton, Harlan, Hebard, Halloway, Hammond, Holmes, Howard, Henry, Hilliard, Julian, Kerr, Jackson, of New York, John A. King, of New York, King, of New Jersey, Littlefield, Mann, of Pa., Marshall, Matteson, Mann, of Mass., McGaughey, McKissock, McDonald, McLane, of Md., McLean, of Ky., McLanahan, Meacham, Miller, of Iowa, Morse, Moore, Morrison, Morton, Nelson, Ogle, Olds, Otis, Morris, Peck, of Vermont, Phoenix, Pitman, Potter, Putnam, Reed, Reynolds, Risley, Robbins, Jr., Rockwell, Root, Rose, Rumsey, Jr., Sackett, Sawtelle, Schenck, Schermerhorn, Schoolcraft, Silvester, Spaulding, Sprague, Stanley, Stanton, of Tennessee, Stetson, Taylor, Thompson, of Pennsylvania, Thurman, Tuck, Underhill, Vandyke, Vinton, Waldo, Wentworth, White, Whittlesey, Wilmot, Wright, Young.

Nays—Messrs. Albertson, Alston, Ash, Averett, Bay, Bayly, Beale, Bocock, Bowdon, Bowie, Boyd, Brown, of Ind., Burt, Cabell, of Fla., Caldwell, of Ky., Caldwell, of N. C., Cartter, Clingman, Cobb, of Ala., Colcock, Daniel, Disney, Duer, Dunham, Edmundson, Ewing, Featherston, Fuller, Gentry, Gorman, Hall, Hamilton, Haralson, Harris, of Tennessee, Harris, of Ala., Harris, of Illinois, Hoagland, Holladay, Houston, Inge, Jackson, of Georgia, Johnson, of Tenn., Johnson, of Kentucky, Johnson, of Ark., Jones, Kaufman, McClernand, McMullen, McQueen, McWillie, Meade, Millson, Morse, Orr, Outlaw, Parker, Penn, of La., Phelps, Powell, Richardson, Robinson, Ross, Savage, Seddon, Stanton, of Ky., Sweetser, Thompson, of Miss., Thompson, of Ky., Toombs, Venable, Wallace, Watkins, Wellborn, Williams.

Mr. Potter moved to reconsider the vote by which the Bill was passed, and on his motion the motion was laid on the table. Adjourned.

On the 18th, the House was engaged on Private Bills. Having passed one of the Bills, it adjourned to Monday.

General News.



A DENIAL.

Mr. Ritchie, of the Washington Union, denies the truth of the story told by John C. Rives, that Ritchie & Heiss purchased the old Globe with $50,000 of Government funds, drawn out of the Middletown Bank by President Tyler. He publishes a letter from Ex-President Tyler, and a statement from Ex-Secretary Walker, relative to the charges made by Mr. Rives that they had connived with Mr. Polk to place $50,000 of the Government funds in the Bank of Middletown, of which Senator Cameron was President, with the understanding that it was to be used in establishing a Government organ at Washington, and that it was afterwards loaned to Messrs. Ritchie & Heiss to buy out the Globe newspaper, and establish in its place the Washington Union. Mr. Tyler in his letter denies in the strongest language that he ever had any conversation, or made any agreement with Mr. Polk, to withdraw as a candidate for re-election, on the ground that he would put down the Globe, or on any other ground—that his only reasons for withdrawing were contained in his letter of withdrawal published at the time—that being that Mr. Polk was favorable to the admission of Texas into the Union. He defends the character of Mr. Polk from the accusation of being capable of lending himself to the furtherance of any such scheme. He further asserts that he had no knowledge of $50,000, or any other sum, being placed in the Middletown Bank.

Secretary Walker authorizes the Union to state that the sum of $50,000 was placed on deposit in the Middletown Bank by his predecessor, Secretary Bibb, of Kentucky, along with similar sums in various other Banks in the interior of Pennsylvania, and all on the most ample security, with deposits of United States Stock as collateral security. That, under the State bank deposit law then in force, he had no power to change them, "except for non-compliance with the instructions of the department, or the failure to furnish sufficient security," had he been disposed to do so. Five thousand dollars of this deposit was transferred to the mint in 1845, and the balance retained in the bank until the establishment of the Constitutional Treasury, when it, with the deposits in all the other State banks, was transferred in small instalments, according to the provisions of the Act of Congress, so as not to embarrass the banks, during the year 1847. Mr. Walker further states that he has no knowledge or even conjecture as to the source from which the money was obtained for the purchase of the Globe by Messrs. Ritchie & Heiss, nor was he counselled with, in any way, by any one as regards the purchase.

There is also a letter appended to the Union article from Major Heiss, formerly one of the proprietors of the Union with Mr. Ritchie, in which he emphatically denies that they ever received one dollar from either Senator Cameron or Mr. Polk to pay the purchase money for the Globe—and as to where the money did come from, he wisely leaves the public to infer that it came out of his own pocket.

Coincidence of Inventions.—A letter writer in Washington states, "that very frequently patents are granted to different persons for the same invention, the parties having had their minds led into the same train of thought from the existence of the same difficulties. Thus, some time ago, a patent was granted for a certain churn, but before this could have been known far beyond the walls of the Patent Office, two other inventors, each from different parts of the country, laid claim to the identical improvement. An interference was accordingly declared, and no sooner had the decision been made in favor of the patentee, than three other inventors were found pressing their claims to the same invention. It presents an unprecedented case in the history of the Patent Office, of seven persons, each a *bona fide* inventor, all claiming the same thing, and about the same time, and all from different portions of the country."

South Carolina Conference of the M. E. Church.—*The Discipline on Slavery.*—This body at its recent meeting, (says the Charleston Mercury,) on motion of Dr. Whiteford Smith, adopted an important resolution touching the obnoxious section in the Methodist Book of Discipline, on the subject of Slavery. An attempt was made at the last meeting of the General Conference of the Church South, to carry a resolution that the Discipline should be relieved of this section, which seems to inculcate anti slavery as a part of Christian duty. The motion failed by a few votes, though it was generally, if not unanimously admitted that the said section was not of binding authority. The Buffalo (N. Y.) Presbytery, (New School,) have come out on the "higher law" principle against the fugitive act.

Fugitive Slave Law.—The New York Legislature has before it a Bill, which provides that any person who shall arrest, or be in any manner concerned in arresting any free citizen of that State, with intent to have him removed against his will, beyond the jurisdiction of the State, shall be deemed guilty of kidnapping.—Any person who shall have openly and publicly resided in the State for one year preceding such an arrest or removal, shall be deemed a free citizen within the meaning of the act. Another set of resolutions, of an entirely opposite character, is also before it.

Woman's Rights.—A curious trial has just taken place in England. A man who attempted to kiss a married woman, against her will, had his nose bitten off. He brought suit for damages.—The jury, without hesitation, acquitted her; and the chairman said, that if any man attempted to kiss a woman against her will, she had a right *to bite off his nose, if she had a fancy for so doing!*

The Cotton Crop of Georgia.—The crop of cotton will be as large as last year, and, says the Savannah Republican of the 10th of January, will reach 350,000 bales, which, at $50 a bale, will carry the wealth added to the State up to about $27,000,000.

Officers of the Territories.—It is stated that the Senate, in Executive Session, confirmed James S. Calhoun, of Georgia, as Governor, and Hugh N. Smith, as Secretary of New Mexico. Also, Thomas Nelson, of New York, as District Judge of Oregon.

NEW YORK MARKETS, JAN. 18.

Ashes are unchanged and the sales are 60 bbls. Cotton—The market is firm, with sales of 2,100 bales.

Flour—The market is less active and prices are without change, sales of 2,000 bbls. Southern Flour is heavy, with sales of 500 bbls at $5,00a5,12½. Rye Flour quiet, sales of 50 bbls at $3,87. Corn Meal firm, with sales of 250 bbls; $3,25 for Brandywine, and $3,37½ for white Brooklyn; also 25 Puncheons at $15,25.

Grain—Nothing doing in Wheat. In Rye small sales are making at 78c. Barley firm, with trifling sales at 99 cts. Corn better, sales of 4,000 bushels Southern yellow at 67c. Oats easier, sales of Northern at 49a53c.

Whiskey—Sales of 250 bbls at 25½a26c for Pennsylvania and Prison.

Provisions—Pork market heavy. Sales of 400 bbls at $12a12,12½ for Mess and Prime, and $13,50 for new Mess. Sales of 170 tcs of Prime Mess Beef at $14,50, and 150 tcs pickled Hams at 8c. Lard firm and quiet at previous rates.

Tallow—We notice sales of 60,000 lbs at 7a7½c.

Constipation of the Bowels or costiveness, headache, giddiness, pain in the side and breast, nausea and sickness, variable appetite, yellow or swarthy complexion, &c., are the usual symptoms of Liver Complaint. *Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills* are always certain to remove the above complaints, because they purge from the body those morbid humors which are the cause, not only of all disorders of the liver, but of every malady incident to man. A single 25 cent box will in all cases give relief, and perseverance will most assuredly drive every particle of disease from the body.

For sale by agents in all parts of the United States. In Texas by W. H. Elliot, Houston; Samuel Fisher, Matagorda; and A. B. Holbrook, Victoria; M. Brillemet, Mobile, Ala.; A. Bruseima, 74 Camp Street, N. Orleans.

Principal Office 169 Race Street, Philada.

ALMANAC.

Jan., 1851.	Sun Rises	Sun Sets	High Water	Moon's Phases
25 Saturday	7 7	4 53	8 54	
26 Sunday	7 6	4 54	9 42	D. H. M.
27 Monday	7 5	4 55	10 32	
28 Tuesday	7 4	4 56	11 21	
29 Wednesday	7 3	4 57	12 1	Last 2 5 29
30 Thursday	7 2	4 58	12 41	New 10 11 12
31 Friday	7 1	4 59	1 21	First 17 11 31
1 Saturday	7 0	5 0	2 10	Full 24 3 3

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

Jan	[illegible]	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
12,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
13,	[illegible]	49	50
14,	34	43	45
15,	38	41	46
16,	42	46	[illegible]
17,	30	[illegible]	[illegible]
18,	30	[illegible]	32

Marriages.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. John Street, Mr. Thomas L. Evans, of Philadelphia, to Miss Maria Antoinette Murray, of Watertown, N. York.

On the 12th inst. in the village of West Creek, Ocean county, N. J. by the Rev. Joel Haywood, Mr. Michael Inman, to Miss Sarah Amanda Cranmer, daughter of Capt. Thomas Cranmer, all of the above place.

By the same person, same time and place, Mr. Edward Parker, to Miss Alice Ann Gale, of Burlington county, N. J.

On the 16th inst. by the Rev. E. Newton, James P. Fenton, to Fanny Josephine, daughter of the late J. Ashburner, Jr. all of this city.

On the 14th inst. by the Rev. J. C. Clay, D. D., William Walker, of Liverpool, England, to Alice Field, of this city.

On the 14th inst. by the same, Mr. Abraham C. Winters to Miss Rebecca A. Martin, both of Southwark.

On the 14th inst. in Baltimore, by the Rev. Jas. G. Hamner, George Earl, Jr. of Philadelphia, to Louisa, daughter of George M. Gill, Esq. of the former city.

On the 14th inst. by the Rev. W. W. Taylor, Mr. Alfred A. Oat, to Miss Sarah Devilin, all of Philadelphia.

On the 13th inst. by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. Jacob G. Engleman, to Miss Elizabeth Preston, both of this city.

In the Borough of Chester, on the 25th ult. by the Rev. A. B. Hard, Mr. Reuben C. Streetey, Artist, of Philadelphia, to Miss Agnes C. daughter of S. Long, Esq. of Chester, Del. county, Pa.

On the 14th inst. by the Rev. Thos. H. Allen, Mr. Isaac B. Evans, to Miss Catherine Ralston, both of West Vincent, Chester county, Pa.

On the 14th instant, by Friends ceremony, before Mayor Gilpin, Charles A. Jones, of New York, to Elizabeth E. daughter of Henry H. Horne, of Philadelphia.

On the 14th inst. by the Rev. George Hand, Mr. John W. Swartz, to Miss Martha A. Dawney, both of Abington, Md.

On the 13th inst. by the Rev. R. W. Thomas, D. D., Mr. Frederick O. Kreyburg, to Miss Elizabeth A. Burch, all of this city.

On the 13th inst. by the Rev. John L. Tait, Isaac T. Andress, to Emily L. Catlin, both of this city.

In New York, on the 11th instant, by the Rev. B. Evans, Rector of the Church of the Holy Evangelist, Richard B. Jones, of Philadelphia, to Isabella, daughter of W. E. Thompson, of N. Y.

Deaths.

On the 16th inst. William Jones, aged 51 years.

On the 16th inst. Clotilda A. Vansant, aged 25.

On the 15th inst. George C. son of Morris and Mary E. Longstreth, aged 18 years.

On the 13th inst. Miss Sally M. Johnston.

On the 14th inst. near Stroudsburg, Monroe county, Pa. James Bell, aged 80 years.

On the 14th instant, Dr. John A. Pettit, Assistant Surgeon, U. S. N.

On the 13th inst. Mrs. Elizabeth Brook.

On the 13th instant, William W. son of John and Sophia Drum, aged 14 years.

On the 13th inst. Josephine F. Robinson, aged 8.

On the 15th inst. Wm. H. McCoy, aged 2 years and 8 months.

On the 13th inst. John Welch, aged 76 years.

On the 14th inst. Silas Pearson, aged 78 years.

On the 14th Mrs. Maria Broadwater, daughter of Levin Marner, aged 31 years.

On the 14th inst. Charles B. Alexander, aged 23 months.

On the 13th inst. Martha, daughter of the late H. F. Hollingshead, aged 20 years.

On the 13th inst. Elizabeth Cozens, aged 79.

On the 24th of Dec. last, on board the U. S. ship Lexington, Lewis D. Linn, of this city.

On the 12th inst. Alex. Diamond, aged 31 years.

On the 13th inst. Thomas Birch, Artist, aged 72.

On the 12th inst. Mrs. Jane Floyd, aged 48.

On the 13th inst. Catharine, wife of Walter Rose, aged 70 years.

On the 13th inst. Alexander, son of Jas and Margaret Campbell.

On the 13th inst. John G. Lightcap, aged 16 mos.

On the 13th inst. Samuel B. McClessen, aged 11.

On the 13th inst. Kenderton Smith, Esq. aged 50.

On the 11th inst. Amanda, wife of Jacob Glause, aged 28 years.

On the 11th inst. Allen R. Reeves, aged 51.

On the 11th inst. James A. Rowland, aged 2 years and 27 days.

On the 11th inst. Mrs. Elizabeth Farson, aged 44 years.

On the 12th inst. John D. Thomas, aged 78.

On the 11th inst. Mr. George Miller, aged 61.

On the 10th inst. Miss Ellen A. Warren, aged 30.

At New York, on the 11th inst. Capt. Jackson Tate, formerly of Philadelphia, aged 54 years.

Bank Note List.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, BY R. JOHNSTON & Co., BROKERS, *No. 26 South Third Street.*

Philadelphia, January 11, 1851.

Bank	Rate
PENNSYLVANIA	
Philadelphia banks	par
U S bank notes	13 dis
Chambersburg	½ dis
York	½ dis
Berks county	no sale
Gettysburg	½ dis
Carlisle	½ dis
Lewistown	no sale
Brownsville	½ dis
Pittsburg	½ dis
Waynesburg	½ dis
Washington	½ dis
Erie	1½ dis
Susquehanna co'nty	failed
Lebanon	par
Lehigh county bk	no sale
Towanda	no sale
Honesdale	½ dis
Harrisburg	½ dis
West Branch	par
Wyoming	par
Middletown	½ dis
Northampton	no sale
Schuylkill Haven	par
Pottsville	par
Danville	par
Relief notes	½a1 dis
NEW JERSEY	
Trenton, Mt Holly, Bridgeton, Salem, Camden, Medford,	par
Plainfield	closed
State bk at Morris	failed
Newark, Newtown, Paterson, Morristown, New Brunswick, Middletown Point, Orange, Belvidere, Elizabethtown, Dover, Rahway, P'th Amboy	½ dis
Farmers and Mech. bk. N. Bruns.	uncertain
N Hope, Del Bridge	failed
Yard. Del Br'ge co	10 dis
DELAWARE	
All solvent banks	par
Del City bk under 5's	½ dis
Other small	½ dis
MARYLAND	
Baltimore banks	½ dis
Mineral bank	½ dis
Salisbury	uncertain
Cecil bank	½ dis
Frederick county	½ dis
Cumberland	½ dis
Washington county	½ dis
Hagerstown	½ dis
Havre-de-Grace	failed
Far & Millers bk	no sale
DIST. OF COLUMBIA	
All solvent banks	½ dis
NEW YORK	
City banks	par a½ dis
Bk. Corning	10 dis
Country banks	½ dis
MAINE	
All solvent banks	½ dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE	
All solvent banks	½ dis
VERMONT	
Bank of St Albans	½ dis
All solvent banks	½ dis
CONNECTICUT	
All solvent banks	½ dis

Bank	Rate
MASSACHUSETTS	
All solvent banks	½ dis
Pawtucket bk	failed
Dorchester and Milton stolen notes	no sale
RHODE ISLAND	
All solvent banks	½ dis
Eagle bk, Bristol	2 dis
Phenix bk. Westerly stolen notes	no sale
CANADA	
Montreal	3½ dis
VIRGINIA	
Bk of Va & branches	½ dis
Far bk & branches	½ dis
Valley bk & branch	½ dis
Ex bk & branches	½ dis
Wheeling	½ dis
NORTH CAROLINA	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	1½ dis
SOUTH CAROLINA	
So West R R	½ dis
All solvent banks	½ dis
Small notes	1½ dis
GEORGIA	
Bk of St. Mary's	1½ dis
Central bk of Mill	1½ dis
Georgia R R Co	1½ dis
Ruckersville bk co	—
All solvent banks	½ dis
Small notes	1½ dis
ALABAMA	
Bk of Mobile	½ dis
Country banks	3 dis
MISSISSIPPI	
All banks	uncertain
LOUISIANA	
All solvent bks	½ dis
FLORIDA	
So. Life & Trust Co	—
OHIO	
Bk of Wooster	80 dis
Bk Norwalk	25 dis
Com bk of Scioto	15 dis
All solvent bks	1 dis
Small notes	1½ dis
KENTUCKY	
All solvent bks	1 dis
Small notes	1½ dis
INDIANA	
State bank	1 dis
Small notes	1½ dis
ILLINOIS	
Bank of Illinois	80 dis
State bank	70 dis
Bank of Cairo	—
MISSOURI	
All solvent bks	1 dis
TENNESSEE	
All solvent bks	2½ dis
Bk East Tenn	25 dis
MICHIGAN	
Bk of St Clair	no sale
Far's & Mech's	2½ dis
Gov. Stock bk	uncertain
ARKANSAS	
All banks	no sale
WISCONSIN	
Mineral Point	—
Bank of Milwaukie	—
IOWA	
Miners bank	—

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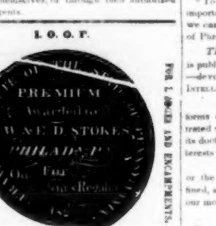

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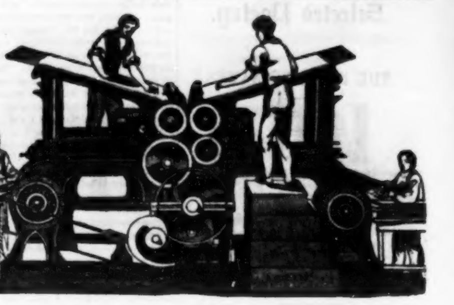

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE LEADING AND LARGEST WEEKLY IN THE UNION.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is now the leading, as well as the LARGEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE UNITED STATES. Its circulation is undeniably greater than that of any other paper, of the same kind, in the Union; while its literary contents are allowed, by the best judges, to be unsurpassed. Such tales as "The Deserted Wife," "Shannondale," &c., &c., have placed "The Post," a "head and shoulders" above its contemporaries.

We now have the pleasure of announcing to the American public, that we have made arrangements with one of the

FIRST NOVELISTS IN AMERICA,

MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, author of "Retribution," "The Deserted Wife," "Shannondale," etc., by which the productions of her gifted pen will be secured hereafter (with the exception of an occasional story in a Washington paper)

EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE POST.

Mrs. Southworth, as an American novelist of great power—a rising Star in the West—has been hailed with acclamation by all those who can recognize genius as well in a native as in a foreign author. We have now in process of publication, a new Novelet by this gifted lady, entitled

VIRGINIA AND MAGDALENE;
OR,
THE FOSTER SISTERS
A WINTER EVENING'S TALE.

How many Novelets MRS. SOUTHWORTH will be able to furnish during 1851, will depend upon the state of her health, etc.

In the intervals of Mrs. Southworth's Novelets, we design publishing other and shorter Novelets from authors of admitted celebrity. We have two now on hand, which we shall publish as soon as possible:

THE IRON HAND, by T. S. Arthur, Esq.

THE TEXAN HUNTRESS, by C. W. Webber, author of "Old Hicks, the Guide," "The Shot in the Eye," etc.

And mark this! What the proprietors of the Post promise, they perform—or do better. They do not announce a long list of distinguished contributors with whom they have made no arrangement, and whose stories never appear. Such a system may delude an intelligent public *one* year, but it will not answer a *second* time. If the public are humbugged *once,* it is the fault of the humbugger; if *twice,* it is their own.

In addition to such choice original articles, involving a large outlay of money, the columns of the Post will contain a great amount of Miscellaneous reading—such as the

CREAM OF THE FOREIGN PERIODICALS,

Witty and Humorous articles, Selections from the Agricultural Journals, Riddles and Conundrums, etc., etc.

REPORTS OF LECTURES—During the past year we gave the celebrated Lectures on [Sh]akspeare, by Mr. Dana, and the instructive and interesting ones of Dr. Baird upon Europe—[LET]TERS FROM ABROAD—GENERAL NEWS—Reports of the Markets—a Bank Note and [List], etc., etc.

PLACE[D] more PORTRAITS of remarkable persons, or PICTURES OF REMARKABLE [illegible] also weekly given.

A MORAL PAPER.

In conclusion, [illegible] say—that we shall maintain for the Post the character it has acquired of being a stri[ctly] [illegible] paper; one that a parent may allow to go freely before his innocent sons and daughters [illegible] need hardly repeat here, that the Post has done more to prevent the publication and sale [illegible] works, than any half-a-dozen other papers in the land. *A careful guard shall also be [kept] [illegible] an improper character may obtain a [illegible] hereafter, over our* ADVERTISING COLUMNS, *that nothing of* [illegible]

In short, whatever is calculated [illegible] priate place in the POST; and let the [illegible], instruct, amuse, or gratify, shall find its appro[priate] [illegible] will not be behind in the *performance.* [illegible] mark one thing, whatever others may *promise,* we [illegible] progressing all that time, and which has now [illegible] that has stood for twenty-nine years, steadily [illegible] same class, in the United States, is not to be [illegible] list of subscribers of any paper of the [illegible] in the race by *any* rival.

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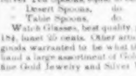

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ROBERT SEARS,
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To Publishers of Newspapers throughout the United States.

₊ Newspapers copying this advertisement, entire, well displayed, as above, without any alteration or abridgement, (including this notice,) and giving it one or more insertions, shall receive a copy of any one of our $2,50 or $3 works, (*subject to their order,*) by sending direct to the Publisher.

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MISS JANE MILLER would call the attention of purchasers to her STRAW and FANCY MILLINERY Establishment, 89 North SECOND St. A large assortment of Bonnets, Caps, Children's Hats, Flowers, and a variety of Fancy Articles, which she will sell at the lowest prices, wholesale and retail. Ladies who are disposed to patronize their own sex, are particularly solicited.

N. B.—Bonnets renewed. sep14-tf

Selected Poetry.

FROM GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

THE DEVIL OF NAMES.

A LEGEND.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

At an old-fashioned inn with a ponderous sign—
Once graced with a head of the king of the line,
But innocent now of the slightest "design"—
Have calling low people to spurious wine—
While the villagers, drinking and playing "all-fours,"
And cracking small jokes, with vociferous roars,
Were talking of horses, and hunting, and—scores
Of similar topics a bar-room adores,
But which rigid morality greatly deplores,
Till as they grow high in their bacchanal revels,
They fall to discoursing of witches and devils—
A most single rap,
Just the ghost of a tap,
That would scarcely have wakened a flea from his nap—
Not at all in its sound like your "Rochester Knockings,"
(Where noses it herds are dismally flocking)
But twice as mysterious, and vastly more shocking,
Was heard at the door by the people within,
Who stopped in a moment their clamorous din,
And seemed in a trice from their jokes and their gin;
When who should appear
But an odd-looking stranger somewhat "in the sere,"
(He seemed at the least in his sixtieth year,)
And he limped in a manner exceedingly queer
Were breeches uncommonly wide in the rear,
And his nose was turned up with a comical sneer,
And he had in his eye a most villainous leer,
Quite enough to make any one tremble with fear!
Whence he came,
And what was his name,
And what his purpose in venturing out,
And whether his lameness was "gammon" or gout,
Or merely fatigue from strolling about,
Were questions involved in a great deal of doubt—
When taking a chair,
With a sociable air,
Like that which your "Uncle" 's accustomed to wear—
Or a broker determined to sell you a share
In his splendid "New England Gold-mining" affair,
He opened his mouth and went on to declare
That he was a devil—"The devil you are!"
Cried one of the guests assembled there,
With a sudden start, and a frightened stare.
"Nay, don't be alarmed," the stranger exclaims,
"At the name of the devil—*I'm the Devil of Names!*
You'll wonder why
Such a devil as I,
Who ought, you would say, to be devilish shy,
Should venture in here with never a doubt,
And let the best of his secrets out;
But, mind you, my boys,
It's one of the joys
Of the cunningest woman and craftiest man
To run as quickly as ever they can,
And put a confidante under ban
Not to publish their favorite plan!
And even the devil
Will sometimes feel
A little of that remarkable zeal,
And (when it's safe) delights to tell
The very deepest *arcana* of—well—
Besides, my favor this company wins,
For I value next to capital sins,
Those out-and-outers who revel in inns!
So, not to delay
I'm going to say
In the very fullest and frankest way,
All about my honors and claims,
Projects and plans and objects and aims,
And why I'm called "The Devil of Names!"
I cheat by false graces,
And duplicate faces,
And treacherous praises,
And by hiding bad things under plausible phrases!
I'll give you a sample,
By way of example—
Here's a bottle before me, will suit to a T
For a new illustration—this liquor, d'ye see,
Is the water of death, though topers agree
To think it, and drink it, as pure "*eau-de-vie*;"
I know what it is—that's sufficient for me!
For the blackest of sins, and crimes, and shames,
I find soft words and innocent names.
The Hells devoted to Satan's games
I christen "Saloons" and "Halls," and then,
By another contrivance of mine again,
They're haunted only by "sporting men"—
A phrase which many a gamster begs,
In spite of the saw that "eggs is eggs,"
To whiten his ungrateful legs!
To debauchees I graciously grant
The favor to be "a little gallant,"
And soften vicious vagrancy down
By civilly speaking of "men-about-town;"
There's cheating and lying
In selling and buying,
And all sorts of frauds and dishonest exactions
I've brought to the smallest of moral infractions
Merely by naming them "business transactions!"
There's swindling, now, is vastly more
As "Banking"—a lucky invention
Worth ten in the *old diabolical*!
In lesser matters it's all the same;
I gain the thing by yielding the name;
Its really quite the bon plenty of folks
But, on my honor, it's verbal cloaks,
So uncommonly dinners they eat,
They can't one of the twinkling feet,
Court the [illegible] or do any thing sweet
Laugh on people without a cheat
For fie their happiness quite complete!
The Boston saints
Are fond of these feints
A theatre causes the loudest complaints
Till it's thoroughly purged from pestilent taints
By the charm of a name and a pious *Te Deum*—
Yet they patronize actors, and handsomely fee 'em
Keep—shade of "The Howards"—a gay "Athenæum!"
And have, above all, a harmless "Museum,"
Where folks who love plays may religiously see 'em!
But leaving a trade which costs me more trouble
By far than the worth of so flimsy a bubble,
I come to a matter which really claims
The studious care of The Devil of Names—
There's "Charity" now—
But the lecture was done.
Like old Gaffer Morey's when scarcely begun;
The devil's discourse by its serious teaching
Had set 'em a-snoring, like regular preaching;
One look of disdain on the sleepers he threw
As in bitter contempt of the slumbering crew
And the devil had vanished without more ado—
A trick, I suspect, that he seldom plays you!

A Capital Story.

THE DANGEROUS BEAUTIES.

[Those of our readers who are disappointed at seeing a story where they generally find Miscellaneous matter, will please *read* the story, and then we think they will excuse us for giving more room this week to Fiction than usual. It is from the German of F. Stolle.]

The lovely Wilhelmine, just in her eighteenth year, the daughter of the poor clergyman's widow, hung upon my neck and wept. I tried to comfort her in vain. At last I grew a little impatient, and exclaimed:

"But I don't exactly see what this great misfortune is, which you lament so."

"Cruel!"

"A week is not an eternity."

"The daughters of the Counsellor are very beautiful," sobbed she.

"And if they were angels, just come down from the seventh heaven of Mahomet, what then? I'll only look at them, and then away."

"They are rich, too," she sobbed again.

"Hanker not after riches, which the moth corrupts," I replied, strong in Scripture.

"I have the most melancholy forebodings," said Wilhelmine mournfully.

"It is always so at separations," returned I; "one is prone to fear the worst."

"Your uncle is inexorable!"

"Stone and iron are nothing to him," was my reply; "I declared to him I could not possibly marry either of the Miss Junghanels. 'Just see them once,' said he, 'and I wager you will be of a different opinion.'"

"There it is!" cried Wilhelmine, sorrowfully, and clung anew around my neck; "do not leave me, Frank!"

"But what can I do?" I answered; "my uncle's wish is not unreasonable; if I refuse to accede to it, it will excite suspicion. My second father is persuaded that I dislike those ladies, only because I have never seen them; all he desires is that I should see them, nothing more. Cannot I grant him this satisfaction? Besides, this autumn weather is fair and mild; I get free from the counting-room a week, and have a pleasant time of it."

"And you will forget me," said the dear girl, reproachfully.

"My heart and my thoughts are with you always," I said, in a soothing tone, "no matter how far away fate bear me."

When Wilhelmine saw that I was resolved to comply with my uncle's wishes, and start the next day for W——, where the rich Counsellor Junghanel, with his three fair daughters, resided, she resigned herself to the inevitable. I was obliged, however, to promise over and over again that nothing should shake my fidelity. With all possible solemnity, and my right hand raised on high, I swore, in the light of the evening sky, where only a few stars were visible, to be true to her. Then followed a long embrace, an endless kiss, and the parting went off more happily than I had expected.

The next morning I set out in a one-horse vehicle for the beautiful country. But first I had a grand audience with my honored uncle. "You will not regret this trip, Frank," said he; "the maidens are beautiful, intelligent, and well read. You will find there no silly little geese, such as are gadding about in our streets. You may take all your learning with you. And remember, too, they will have each her thirty thousand dollars; just take care and bring me home a nice little golden daughter-in-law, and I will take you into the firm. In a year or two I shall retire, and you are a made man, and may sit snug and laugh at all the world. My tried old friend, the Counsellor, has set his heart too on this connection.—Every wooer is not so highly favored. I had to run my legs off to get my wife. The old people were opposed to it, and spit fire and flames.—Fortune lies right before you—seize it at once."

"Seize it at once," said I to myself, as I retired; "that is soon said, but my hands are tied, good uncle, and so is my heart, too; and even if it were not so, I could not consent to make my fortune in this way. These forced marriage ties, woven by a third hand, I hate them; it is a desecration of that union which should be formed only by loving hearts. As I am determined to go to W——, and please my uncle so far, I will just amuse myself with this bridal review.—So much I owe to my benefactor, to whom I am indebted for everything. I am not forced to marry one of the damsels; I will merely look at them—that will not cost anything."

In these soliloquies, my little carriage rolled along the road. It was a lovely forenoon in autumn; the sun shone on the hills, on which the vintage was just beginning. The most fertile landscape flew past me; the boughs of the fruit trees were bent heavily to the earth. From tree to tree, planted on both sides of the road, the busy spiders had, during the night, woven their silken webs, on which the dew-drops glanced like diamonds.

"I am a little curious about these daughters of the Counsellor," I continued in my soliloquy; "my uncle seemed at a loss for words in praising their beauty; but I don't exactly understand how they have remained so long unengaged if they are such miracles. I suppose my good uncle has been somewhat blinded by the hard dollars, as is often the case with these old speculating men of business."

I had set my heart upon meeting with some little adventures on the way; but here I was disappointed. The journey passed off without incident. All the more numerous were the adventures that were to befall me when I reached my destination.

It was ten o'clock on the next forenoon when I reached the large and handsome estate of the rich Counsellor. The morning was so beautiful, the country so delightful, that I resolved to leave my horse at a little inn about a quarter of a league from W——, and pursue the rest of the way on foot.

Having paid due attention to my toilette, I put my resolve into execution, and tripped along the nice footwalk like a young girl.

Soon the stately buildings of the Counsellor's estate rose before me. I had only a little birchen grove to pass through before reaching the ample garden that adjoined the mansion.

I looked round in all directions, hoping to descry perchance one of the Graces whom I was to take for a wife, but in vain. In a field to the right a couple of women, peasants, were at work. I was just entering the grove when a slender female figure, clad in a graceful hunting-dress, with a fowling-piece in her hand, emerged from the green shade. She paused, and leaning on her gun, seemed to survey the landscape with delight.

"If that is one of Junghanel's daughters," thought I, "my uncle was not so much out of the way; she is certainly very beautiful."

As I did not wish to disturb the lovely vision, I passed on, as if I had not observed her, but I had scarcely proceeded a few steps, when a clear, woman's voice called out, "Halt!" "That can't possibly be meant for me," I thought, and continued on my way. Suddenly I heard a crack, there was a crackling among the leaves ball whistled just over my head.

I stopped instantly, of course. [illegible] I, and "The woman must be crazy," [illegible] She cast a shy glance at the deep [illegible] came slowly towards me, [illegible] extraordinary beauty, increasing degree with [illegible] hunting-dress set A figure which the [illegible] with blonde locks [illegible] to the greatest [illegible] round her blooming countenance [illegible] all this beauty," said I to myself, "Whose mind is astray?" [illegible] mistress had now come within fifty feet [illegible]

"Who told you to go on," she demanded, in a tone authoritative, yet musical, "when I bid you halt?"

"My gracious—" stammered I, quite bewildered by the angry beauty.

"I am not gracious," she quickly interrupted, "only God is gracious. What do you stop for now?"

"If I am not mistaken, a ball flew over my head—"

"Are you afraid of balls?"

"Well, of—"

"Fy! a man ought not to be afraid."

"But accidents may happen."

"At no accident should a man show fear, and least of all, of a lady. You were afraid, I suppose, that I should hurt you?"

"The lead whistled near enough."

"How? Do you think I sought your poor life? Do you take me for a murderess?"

"By no means, my lady."

"Do you question then, my skill in shooting?"

"Certainly not."

"Well, then, you shall know my skill. Over your head hangs an apple. Take it in the palm of your hand, and stretch your arm out; I'll shoot the apple off. Will you wager anything?"

"I don't like betting of this sort."

"Afraid again?"

"Man has his weak hours."

"Coward!" scornfully exclaimed the terrible creature, instantly taking aim again directly over my head. Click went the cock.

"Are you mad?" I cried, horror-struck; at the same moment there was a flash, and again the leaves crackled. I thought I should have fallen to the earth in my terror; the monster must certainly have hit my hat.

"Take your hat off!"

Mechanically I obeyed. The extraordinary huntress had shot a leaf off of it. I trembled in every limb.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

Not to enrage the frightful maiden anew, I answered as politely as possible, "To visit Counsellor Junghanel."

"Then take care of the Counsellor's daughters," said she, with a laugh, and vanished in the wood.

I gave wings to my feet, in order to get out of the vicinity of this strange being as speedily as possible.

"The deuce!" thought I; "have I got into Turkey and the Middle Ages, where they shoot at people merely to while away the time? Who is this dangerous woman? A spectre that frightens people, or a living being, with flesh and blood? I guess the former. Would a human maiden practice her skill and criminal rashness, by making a mark of the head of a quiet traveller? Beautiful, it is true, divinely beautiful; but Heaven keep me from such beauty, which is all ready, will ye, nill ye, to blow one's brains out. No, commend me to my Minna, even if she is not quite as beautiful as this second William Tell.

"Said this witch, or wood-spirit, or whatever she was—said she not," continued I, in my soliloquy, "that I must take care of the Counsellor's daughters? If she is one of those dangerous beauties, the sooner I leave W—— behind me, the better. I cannot believe that this wood-witch is a Miss Junghanel. Impossible! only a spirit, a wicked fairy, could behave so."

Although I kept my eyes about me, the fearful apparition did not again appear; and I got out of the grove without harm. One ought never to be presumptuous. I had longed for some interesting adventure, and had been vexed that my journey had passed off so prosaically. I had nothing now, forsooth, to complain of. A more romantic adventure could hardly well be. Alas! I was to be punished still worse for my presumption. One sins against his fate when he murmurs at it.

Still greatly discomposed, I passed along the wall which surrounded the beautiful garden of the Counsellor. I entered a spacious court-yard, and inquired of some laborers after the gentleman of the house.

"Peter!" cried one of the workmen to a little boy, "lead the gentleman to your master."

Peter ran forward; I followed, and soon found myself in the presence of the Counsellor, who seemed to as hale and hearty as when I had seen him years before at my uncle's. He recognized and saluted me with great cordiality.

"Right welcome to W——," he cried; "I have long hoped to see you, and have written repeatedly to your uncle to express that hope."

I bowed respectfully.

"Make yourself at home," he resumed; "I will have you shown to your room. But first let us break a bottle of genuine Johannisberg together."

The man pleased me. A servant appeared at his summons, with wine and refreshments. We took our seats. From the window, near which we sat, a delightful prospect was presented.

"It is a pity," began my worthy host, "that, just at the moment of your arrival, my daughters should all be absent. I should be happy to present you to them. I trust they will return by the afternoon."

"I suppose they are out, visiting," said I.

"No," replied Junghanel, "they are out upon business."

"Business!" thought I; "what business can young ladies have?"

"However," resumed the Counsellor, "that you may have some acquaintance with my family, at least in appearance, please to step into the next room, where their portraits hang."

I followed him. But how was it with me, when from the richly gilt frames, the three Graces of Greece seemed to smile down upon me, so beautiful were the portraits! But at the same instant, what horror seized me as I saw that one of the Graces was no other than the wood-witch, spectre, or William Tell, who, a little hour before, had almost shot my head off.

"This blonde here," observed Junghanel, "is my Louise, the eldest of the daughterly trefoil, a really wild one and a rover; a fine lad is spoiled in her. I call her my Nimrod, because she is so fond of hunting. I don't approve of girls having such tastes, but she will outgrow it; and as the child is at heart a real angel, I wink at her knightly exercises."

"Knightly exercises!" asked I.

"Certainly," continued the good papa; "Louise fishes, rides, shoots, like an old student; as I say, a fine boy is spoiled in the girl."

"As to the young lady's shooting," said I, "I believe I have already, this very morning, helped her to some proof of it. She shot a leaf off my hat."

"Ah, indeed!" exclaimed Junghanel with surprise, "you have already made her acquaintance, then?"

I related my adventure.

"A madcap!" said the Counsellor, with a smile; "I recognise her. But you had nothing to fear; Louise has a sure eye."

"Allow me to remark that such manly employments hardly seem fitting for a young lady."

"True, true," confessed the doting father; "you are perfectly right. I preach to her daily—but it is in at one ear, and out at the other. If I get severe, and knit my brows, the child throws herself sobbing on my neck, promises improvement by all the saints in the calendar, and does not leave me until I look pleasant again. Then away she goes, and all her good resolutions are forgotten; one cannot resist her—I give it up."

We passed now to the portrait of the second daughter, Emilie, by name, as beautiful a brunette as I ever set my eyes on,—high, commanding beauty; but here, in the lineaments of the countenance, a certain manly resolution was discernible. I stood with delight before the picture, and could not tear myself away. The Counsellor observed with evident pleasure the interest I took in the picture, and remarked,

"That is my Dieffenbach!"*

"Dieffenbach!" I asked, with surprise.

"Dieffenbach," he repeated with a smile. "Emilie is the most skillful surgeon and operator in the whole country round. At this very time, she has gone to amputate the arm of a poor fellow—it was the only way of saving his life."

"A very elevated calling," I observed, although it seemed to me hardly the thing for [a] charming young lady.

We turned to the third portrait, which [looked] down upon the spectator no less charm[ing than] the others. Rich dark curls wave[d over] softer blooming features. The featu[res were] more tender than those of the others, and [illegible] ly to the heart. [illegible] at this lady does not

"I hope," thought I, [illegible] and Dieffenbach; share in the pursuits and feminine."

[illegible] she looks more so," I said the Counsellor."

"That is my naturalist!"†

"What!" continued my cicerone; "this, my [illegible] daughter, bears the name of Ernestine; [I call] her my Oken. The maiden is as conversant with Natural History, as a professor. [No]thing is dearer to her than the study of Nature, although it has its disagreeables."

"Disagreeables!"

"Ay; you see, my young friend, the maiden brings home to me, from her wanderings over hill and valley, woods and fields, so many ugly creatures, that I have sometimes nearly lost all patience. There's such a crawling and jumping and twisting of snakes, lizards, and toads. Ernestine is, besides, a great friend of spiders, of which she has a very valuable collection. If you could only procure for her a specimen of the American tarantula, you would be exalted to the very heavens."

I shuddered.

"Yes, you should see Oken's boudoir," resumed the happy father; "you would not suppose yourself in a young lady's chamber, but in a museum of natural curiosities."

"But," I exclaimed in utter amazement, "how came your fair daughters, sir, to take up such strange pursuits, so abhorrent, one would think, to their very nature?"

"I will tell you, my young friend," said Junghanel. "The fact is, the girls early lost their mother, a fine woman, whose portrait also you may see hanging there. I could not attend to their education; I thought I had done my best when I procured for them a master, who was most highly recommended to me, and who brought them up like boys. Their only companion was my son Bernhard, who was unhappily drowned at the High School, where he was studying medicine. From him his sisters have learned and inherited their respective pursuits; Louise her fishing, riding, and shooting, Emilie her surgery, and Earnestine her natural science. However, I live in the hope, that when my daughters have found husbands to their hearts, these strange passions will die away. Housekeeping will leave them little time for hunting, amputations, or scientific inquiries. I admit I ought to have endeavored to correct the evil earlier, but the thing is done and can't be helped; we will hope for the best."

The more I thought over these singular qualities of this beautiful trefoil, the more was I pleased with their pursuits, as these would justify me in declining to accede to the wishes of my uncle. I could not possibly think of a Nimrod, a Dieffenbach, or an Oken for a wife, no reasonable man could fail to see that. What availed all the gold and all the beauty! But still I was very curious to make the acquaintance of the two younger sisters;—they must be most lovely maidens. I did not care much about Nimrod. The fright of the morning still lingered in my limbs; I could not feel comfortable in the vicinity of the huntress. The desperate creature could at any moment shoot away my food from my lips, a pinch of snuff from my nose. There is no trifling with fire-arms—that I knew by experience.

After passing in review the family picture gallery, I returned with the Counsellor to the breakfast-room. We were scarcely seated, when the barking of dogs was heard, and Louise, upon a snow-white pony, sprang into the court-yard. One could not wish a more charming sight than this bold, handsome rider, in her rich hunting-dress. Every movement was full of grace; and yet I could not suppress a certain dread at the sight of the strange maiden.

After Louise had ridden up and down several times, she leaped out of the saddle and hastened towards the front door.

"Now you will see the mad-cap a little nearer," said her father, who had been watching her, not without evident delight, from the window.

As he prophesied, so it happened; the door was flung open and Louise rushed in, and without regarding my presence in the least, flew to her father, and threw her arms around his neck.

"You wild girl!" exclaimed he, with difficulty disguising his delight under a tone of severity, "do you not see who is present,—a very dear friend of mine?"

The beauty, still glowing with the exercise of her ride, drew up her lovely form, and measured me with a look in which no friendly welcome was visible. A slight expression of scorn appeared round her beautiful mouth.

"If I do not err," said she coldly, "I have already made the acquaintance of this gentleman."

"I was so happy," I replied, with a bow, "as to serve you for a target."

"I could wish that you would behave more becomingly," said her father, reprovingly; "but you are incorrigible, Louise."

"Tattling already!" said the maiden in a tone which sounded sufficiently contemptuous. Turning then to her father—"Only think, father," she added, with a laugh, "the young gentleman thought I had a design upon his life!"

"When you speak again," said the old gentleman, with some sternness, "I request that you pay to a guest, whom I esteem, due respect."

Louise answered not, but turned angrily to the window, where she stood fanning herself. After some moments, she stepped quickly up to me.

"Are you practised in pistol shooting?"

"Some years ago," I confessed, "I used to shoot with an old pistol at a mark in our shooting lodge."

"Well then," said she, quickly, "come with me to my shooting-stand; we will shoot for a wager."

"But, my daughter, interposed her father,—let our guest rest to-day; to-morrow, or the day after, you can shoot to your heart's content."

"But you are not tired?" she asked, turning to me.

However I may have felt, I had to dissimulate any fatigue.

"But," I objected, "I shall be thrown quite into the shade by your skill."

* The name of the celebrated German surgeon.

† The name of the celebrated naturalist.

"No matter for that," she replied, and drew me away, almost against my will.

"But it will soon be dinner-time!" cried her father, after us.

"You have only just breakfasted," replied the eager shooter, "who would be unreasonable!"

I soon found myself with the beautiful blonde at the shooting-ground she had had prepared for herself. The maiden was so expert at firearms that I was but a Hans Taps in comparison. I had not touched a pistol for five years.

The shooting at a mark commenced. As I foresaw I was completely distanced. I thought myself lucky if I only hit the mark, which was the size of a plate, while Louise's ball regularly hit the black.

The maiden, however, soon grew tired of shooting at an immovable object; she shot at birds, at the leaves of the trees. At last her recklessness reached the highest point,—she produced a card.

"Hold this card up!" said she.

I felt rather uncomfortable. "For what purpose, my lady?"

"I will shoot the centre out of it! You need not be particular to hold it very still."

"But, my lady, just consider!"

"Attention! I am going to fire!"

I flung the card from me.

"You do wrong!" I exclaimed; "I have not the least doubt of your skill—on the contrary—"

Louise stood before me with the levelled pistol, like an angel of judgment.

"Will you instantly take up the card and hold it out for a mark? or I shall singe one of your whiskers with the ball."

"I conjure you have done with your dangerous jests."

"I am not in jest," she replied, with cool composure, and aimed directly over my head. Hearing and sight went from me. I dodged down, caught up the card, and held it out as far as possible. I felt that I trembled, but I had rather lose my arm than my head.

Crack went the pistol; involuntarily my hand twitched. Louise came springing towards me.

The madcap girl had really shot through the centre; but, in spite of all this skill, I was greatly disturbed.

"My lady," said I, "to confess the truth, I do not like jests of this sort."

"It's all one to me!" she answered, with a laugh, "I like them."

"Will you give me my revenge and hold the card for me?"

"Why not?" she replied, "so soon [as you] have attained to equal skill." [illegible] I would

"And if I were a second William [Tell] [illegible] not aim at a fellow-being; it is [illegible] ed."

[illegible] contemptuously.

"You are a coward!" [illegible] so very impolitely, and skipped away, [illegible]

[illegible] to my own meditations [illegible] for a wife!" thought

"To have such that would be; one would I, "a great one life for an hour! No, though not be sure[d] in gold up to her ears, I would she were her; good Minna, although you are have beautiful, you have nothing to fear."

[illegible] see very plainly," I thought, as I re[tur]ned to the house, "that I shall not stay here long."

The old gentleman came towards me. He appeared to perceive my annoyance.

"Nimrod," said he, "has put you into a little fright again."

"Sure enough," I replied, a good deal disturbed, "the young lady is no doubt an excellent shot, but I am not fond of such military exercises."

"You have not the slightest reason for fear."

"The deuce I haven't!" thought I, and replied: "No one can have the direction of the deadly lead completely in his power; a quicker movement of the pulse, the tickling of a fly, may give a turn to the musket not intended."

The Counsellor appeared to assent to the truth of my words. He made no reply, but turned the conversation.

We walked through the garden, and paused before a gigantic sun-flower, which arrested our attention.

"I do not remember ever having seen so large a flower of the kind as this," I remarked. The Counsellor thought that still more beautiful ones were to be found in other parts of the garden.

While we stood looking at the flower a shot was heard, and a ball whistled by us within a couple of feet, and the flower fell as if cut off from its stem by a knife.

The Counsellor himself was now really irritated.

"You are right," said he, "the girl goes quite too far!" and turning to Louise, whose angel face appeared among the shrubbery, he commanded her to put away the fowling-piece, and not touch it again for four-and-twenty hours.

Nimrod vanished.

"I hope," said her father, as we approached the house, "that my Emilie will efface the unfavorable impression made by her sister, by her certainly very rough humor. She is quite the opposite, and while the other frightens everybody with her shooting, Emilie is, through her more useful art, the benefactor of the suffering."

We reached the room where the dinner was served in the most elegant fashion. There were five covers, for Junghanel; his three daughters, and my humble self. A servant entered and inquired whether we were ready for dinner.

"Have Emilie and Ernestine returned?" inquired their father.

"Not yet."

"And Louise?"

"Miss has just ridden away."

"Well, then," replied the Counsellor, without further expressing his dissatisfaction, "we two will dine alone."

"I don't understand," said he, after we were seated, "what the madcap would be at. I have never seen her quite so wild as to-day."

The absence of Nimrod, was by no means disagreeable to me. Had she been there I don't think I could have eaten a morsel; she would certainly have brought a couple of pistols with her to the table.

The dinner was most excellent. The terror which the shooting maiden had thrown me into left me particularly hungry. I was just on the point of setting to when the door opened, and the dark-haired Emilie entered.

The portrait had not lied. The maiden was, if possible, still more charming than Louise. I was as one enchanted before the angelic apparition. I recovered myself, and bowed with the greatest respect; but Emilie, like Louise in the forenoon, paid no attention to my compliments, but hastened to her father and embraced him heartily.

"Succeeded excellently," she cried. "I am quite happy the worthy Arnold is saved. Just look, the arm was already beginning to mortify."

And with this she took the amputated limb out of a cloth, and showed it to her father.

I, who have always had the utmost aversion for surgical experiments, was perfectly horror-struck at sight of the arm. It was all over with my appetite.

"But, my child," said the Counsellor, "we are eating our dinner; how can you bring such a thing before us?"

"*Naturalia non sunt turpia*," coolly answered the female surgeon. "How can art and science disturb your appetite?"

"If you forget me," said her father, "you owe some regard to our guest, Mr. Frank Steinman," he added, introducing me, "the nephew of my worthy friend, of whom I have often spoken to you."

At these words Dieffenbach cast upon me not the most friendly looks in the world.

"If I had known," cooly spoke the beautiful mouth, "that the gentleman would be horrified at an amputated limb, and could not bear the sight of blood, I should certainly have spared him this result of my successful operation; but I supposed he was an educated scientific man."

Mademoiselle Emilie now became to me as intolerable as her highness, her mademoiselle sister. Her father chid her, but his words were as wind; Dieffenbach troubled herself not in the least at the paternal reproof; she was altogether too much occupied with her amputation, and she was just upon the point, while she again held out the arm, to make certain anatomical principles intelligible, when her father lost all patience.

"Take the horrible thing away!" he cried, in a rage. Emilie carefully wrapped up her arm again in the linen cloth and vanished.

"I cannot conceive," said he, with vexation, "what has got into the girl to-day; she is not always so urgent with her surgical knowledge. The success of her operation must have turned her head. But now let us set to, and go on with our dinner. The foolish maiden!"

(CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

Right to the Point.—Almost any one can be courteous and patient in a neighbor's house. If any thing goes wrong, or is out of time, or is disagreeable, there it is made the best of, not the worst; even efforts are made to excuse it, and to show it is not felt; or, if felt, it is attributed to accident, not to design; and this is not only easy, but natural, in the house of a friend. I will not, therefore, believe that what is so natural in the house of another, is impossible at home, but maintain, without fear, that all the courtesies of social life may be upheld in domestic societies. A husband, as willing to be pleased at home, and as anxious to please as in his neighbor's house, and a wife as intent on making things comfortable every day to her family, as on set days to her guests, could not fail to make their own home happy.

Wit and Humor.

Uncle Bill's First Love.—My Uncle Bill and my Aunt Airy reside on Long Island, not far from the far-famed resort, Rockaway. One evening last week, as Aunt Airy was boiling some chesnuts for us "Yorkers" to eat, and as Uncle Bill sat smoking a good Havana we had brought down with us, we persuaded him to tell us a story. Uncle Bill tells a good one when he chooses, and being a man that loves to please, he dipped deeply, very quickly, into the merits of the one purposed telling, somewhat thus:

"When I was a slip of a chap, I had occasion to travel some distance in a stage-coach, as steamboats and rail-cars were not too plenty in those days. Now, I had heern tell often of fellers fallin' in love at first sight, but I never much believed it, till that stage made me kinder think so. I had the luck of sitting alongside of one of the prettiest women I have ever seen. (Uncle Bill looked slyly at Aunt Airy.)

"I soon fell in love up to the brim, side with the gal. As it was growin' dark, thought was passin' through a thick wood, the strength my time was come surely. As I felt arm, and goin' quickly, I kinder gently lift; she moved drew it round the fair one's, which I supposed, but only made a slight [illegible] one, sweet one, and was a love-sigh; sakes! The girl said nothin'. I love yer—will yer, I supposed was a love-thin', but made [illegible] her to me, and her sigh again. I shoulder, and I began to tremble fell [illegible] still I kept my tongue a goin', ble all or dear little one, won't yer love me—and [illegible] love me—will yer marry me? The car just then drove out of the wood, and the sun shone on her face—and I looked on it—and—and—!"

"And what!" we all exclaimed.

"And," says Uncle Bill, "she was *sleepin'* in my arms!"

When our roars of laughter had somewhat subsided, Uncle Bill said,

"There she sits, blin' chesnuts!"

A Good One.—Epes Sargent, of the Boston Transcript, tells a good many good stories under the head of "Dealings with the Dead." One of these numbers he devotes to fortune-hunting, and amongst other illustrations, gives the case of a Mr. Mewins. He was courting a young lady of some attractions, and something of a fortune into the bargain. After a liberal arrangement had been made for the young lady by her father, Mr. Mewins, having taken a particular fancy to a little brown mare, demanded that it should be thrown into the bargain; and, upon a positive refusal, the match was broken off. After a couple of years, the parties accidentally met at a country ball—Mr. Mewins was quite willing to renew the engagement,—the lady appeared not to have the slightest recollection of him.

"Surely you have not forgotten me," said he.

"What name, sir?" she inquired.

"Mewins," he replied; "I had the honor of paying my addresses to you, about two years ago."

"I remember a person of that name," she rejoined, "who paid his addresses to my father's brown mare."

A Western Judge.—"Possibly our sage Western judges suffer unjust reproach at times," writes one who knows, "from the conduct of some among them; but having lived in their midst, I can bear witness to the truth of the following circumstances:

"A farmer residing in this region had remarked, during the sittings of the Circuit Court, a part of his corn-field to be beaten down in a regular track of ten or twelve paces in length, as if by the ranging of some animal to and fro. Anxious to detect the cause, he ensconced himself one day among the thick leaves, and observed, about the hour of adjournment, one of the judges cautiously approaching the spot. Arrived at the path, he commenced pacing it gravely up and down, with knit brow and air of cogitation, and at length, drawing a small chip from his pocket, he spat on one side of it, balanced it an instant on his finger, flipped it up in the air, and watching its descent intently, exclaimed as it fell: '*Wet* for defendant—*dry* for plaintiff;' then stooping down: 'Plaintiff has it!' The farmer avoided all 'litigation from that moment!'"

Whistle Him Back Yourself.—We do not know who is responsible for the following "good 'un," but it can pass anyhow.

A man had received a large lot of fresh, lively lobsters, to which he seemed anxious to call the attention of the passers-by. Among the lookers-on was a boy, accompanied by a quiet, sleepy-looking dog.

"I say, my lad," said the man, with a waggish smile, to the lookers-on, "suppose you put your dog's tail between one of them lobster's claws."

"Agreed," said the boy.

The peg was extracted from one of the finest and freshest, and the tail inserted. Away went the dog, howling at the squeeze his tail got from the lobster, and dragging the source of his misery with him.

"Halloa! you young scamp, whistle your dog back!" cried the man.

"*Whistle your lobster back!*" cried the boy, and absquatulated—while the crowd roared.

The boy made a lobster supper that night.

Mrs. Partington on Canvassing the State.—"I don't blame people for complaining about the extravagance and costiveness of government," said Mrs. Partington, as she was reading an ardent appeal to the people in a political newspaper; she always took an interest in politics after Paul was selected one year as candidate for Inspector. "I don't blame 'em a mite. Here they are gwine to canvassing the State. Gracious me! as if the airth wasn't good enough for 'em to walk on. I wonder why they didn't have ile cloth or kidminister and done with it." "And I heerd, aunt, yesterday," said Ike, "that some of 'em were going to scour the country to get voters." "Well," continued she, "that would be better than throwing dust in the people's eyes, that Paul used to tell about. Canvassing the State, indeed!" She fell into an abstraction upon the schemes of politicians, and took seven pinches of snuff in rapid succession to aid her deliberation.—*Pathfinder.*

Lucid.—The stolid sons of St. Nicholas have, occasionally, a very singular method of expressing themselves. One day, last summer, one of them who had been at work in a corn field, came limping up to the farm-house, his hand grasping the calf of his leg, and his face expressive of the greatest pain.

"Vat ish do matter mit you, Hans?" exclaimed the good-natured host, who sat at the door, smoking his pipe.

"Oh, mine cet!" exclaimed the sufferer, "I pit minself very pad mit a snake, out in ter field!" and he pressed the wounded part with a tighter grasp.

"You pit yourself mit a snake!" exclaimed the terrified and humane proprietor; "Den vy you don't make fast and tie a pandage mit you leg, else you will get a coffin in your pody de next thing!"

Melodramatic Adventure.—The manager of the Berlin Theatre got up a drama, in which a human head was offered to a tyrant. In order to produce as much effect as possible, he resolved to use a human head. On the stage was placed a table covered with a cloth; on the table was a basin, and an actor concealed under the cloth, poked up his head through a hole in the table so as to seem to be placed in the basin. The effect was prodigious; the audience applauded and trembled. Unluckily, a wag who had been strolling about the stage, had sprinkled a spoonful or two of powerful sneezing powder on the basin, and just as the tyrant had finished his address to the severed head of his enemy, the head replied by a hearty fit of sneezing, changing the audience from grave to gay with remarkable expedition.

Rather Exaggerated.—An old acquaintance in the country indulges in a very exaggerated style of description and illustration in his ordinary conversation. For instance, when describing the effect of an alteration of his kitchen chimney which he had ordered the mason to make, he said that "before the chimney was altered, it drew the wrong way so powerful, that every flock of wild geese that flew over the town for ten years was sucked down into his fireplace, but since the alteration has been made, the draught was so strong, that if he should hook one end of an ox chain in the middle of the kitchen floor, the other end would *stand quivering up the chimney*."

Quiet in Harness.—At Newcastle-Emlyn Fair, last week, Mr. Lascelles, a barrister, purchased a mare, on the assurance and warranty of the dealer that she was quiet in harness. Next day he tried her in his dog cart, when the animal lay on the ground, as "quiet as a lamb." Nothing could induce her to move; she was literally "quiet in harness."—*North Wales Chronicle.*

Anecdote of Burr.—A correspondent furnishes the Providence Journal with the following authentic version of an anecdote which has been much copied lately:

While Mr. Burchard was preaching one of his hottest sermons (at the old Chatham Street Chapel, New York,) he raised his eyes towards the door just at the moment Col. Aaron Burr entered, and exclaimed, there is the gray headed sinner, I shall appear in judgment against him. Col. Burr walked down the aisle with that bold, firm military step, so peculiarly his own, until he had reached the centre—with a low bow he addressed the minister thus, "Mr. Preacher, I have been a lawyer in this city for nearly half a century, and of all the rascals it has ever been my lot to deal with, none surpass that class of criminals who turn state's evidence."

The Lunatic and the Locomotive.—"Not long since," writes an old friend and correspondent, "as I was returning from Buffalo, [I was] amused, while the cars made a stop, at a demonstration made by a crazy [fellow] on his way to the State Lunatic Asylum. He was standing on the track, looking wildly at the 'iron horse:' 'You think you are [a] thing!' he said, and assuming a boxing attitude: 'I can whip [you] here: battery bulls of Bashan, and you! I've flogged [illegible] Say!—don't you stand there, whistling, [illegible] smoking, like a blackguard [illegible] jump to *me*, and *I'll* take the [illegible] broken their [illegible] in a bar-[illegible] you, you blamed old *cooking-stove* conceit!'"

Cute Boy.—"Sam, where have you been?"

"We've been swimming, father."

"*We!* Who swam with you?"

"Nobody, sir."

"Well, but you said, 'we've been swimming,' didn't you?"

"We *have* been swimming, father."

"Who did you swim with, then, you young rascal?"

"*We!* I swim with the *tide*, dad."

The urchin had to move quick, to dodge a potato that came along about that time.

Selected Articles.

STANZAS.

Joy of my soul! thy smile hath cheered
Its darkest hour of grief and care,
And when naught else to life endeared,
Won back my spirit from despair.
And now this heart, which like a lute
Unstrung, in silence long hath lain,
Awaked by thee, no longer mute,
Responds to rapture's note again.

Fanned by thy love, the dying flame
On Hope's cold shrine, once more doth glow
Brightly as when from heaven it came,
To gild the clouds of earth-born woe.
Oh! how I bless thee for the love
That cherished its expiring ray,
And winged my soul to soar above
The ills that gathered round my way.

WOMAN'S SPHERE—WHAT MRS. JONES SAID ABOUT IT.

BY FRANCIS D. GAGE.

"Here is something strange enough," said Mrs. Jones, "I should like to know what talking about Cooper apples has to do with Women's Rights? I suppose if the Pomological Congress was to decide that the women should eat rock dunders and call them soft and mealy, or vinegar crabs without scowling, and assert they were sweet and rich in flavor, we should be bound to do and believe so without a murmur. If apples do not belong to the housewife, what does? There is as many women to eat and enjoy them in these goodly States as there are men, and all the baking, boiling, stewing, roasting, preserving, &c., legitimately belong to us. Then why may not a woman write about them? But admitting that apples are only raised to sell—raised for men only, to eat and handle, should not woman still be interested? I would not give six Prolific Beauties for a wife or daughter who was not interested heart and soul in her husband or father's business. And she who sits down contented at all times folding her hands with "Husband knows all about it," without even taking the trouble to give one earnest look or deeply interested thought to the out of door matters from which she receives all her in door comfort and happiness, may be a *help-mate*, but she is not the *help-meet* that God in His infinite wisdom designed a wife should be. Nothing of real interest to the husband should be a matter of indifference to the wife, nor should the interests of the wife be a matter of indifference to the husband.

"There is a great deal said just now about Woman's Sphere, Woman's Department, &c. Now girls, I will tell you the plain truth. If ever I had a sphere—a sphere peculiar to a woman—fashioned after the models of the present age, I must have lost it all a great many years ago. The first fragment that slipped out of my fingers was when I was about seven or eight years old, when my good father set me in the side saddle on old Blind Dick, one bright April morning, and bade me guide the old fellow straight through a half mile cornfield, while Bob held the plough. Oh, it was a glorious day, the sky never was more clearly blue nor the clouds more snowy white, and the fresh fragrance laden breezes of spring never bore them along in more beautiful or varied forms—ever and anon shaking down clear crystal drops upon my blue calico sun-bonnet and homespun dress. I cared not for the April sprinkle, not I. The apple orchard was in full bloom, and the sugar grove donning its fresh green, the wild violets, buttercups, wake-robins and blue-bells were singing an anthem in the fence corners and among the green grass. We let old Dick crop the latter and rest his weary limbs, while I slipped down from my saddle and gathered my high apron full of the former, and Bob set down upon the edge of the furrow and whistled back an echo to the bob-white on the top of the post and rail fence, or the lark that was surveying the meadow for her next summer's home. The robins, blue jays and cat birds were holding a stockholders' meeting in the orchard, and the black birds busy as bees, picking the worms out of the new made furrow.

"Oh! it was so glorious and exciting, to ride before the plough, out in the open fields, and my heart drank in so much joy and gladness, and my veins took in so much strength and health that it's no wonder that I forgot to watch myself, and let slip a large section of my sphere, and it was ploughed under. I lost another section going to mill when there was no boy on the premises to go, and I never felt prouder, notwithstanding my loss, than when my father patted my sunburnt locks and told me I 'was really good for something.' Another fragment disappeared when I learned to call up and saddle or harness the carriage horse, when mother or sister needed him, and the men folks were all at work; another when I saw a mischievous, vicious horse about to kick and trample to death a favorite nephew of five years old,—I forgot to faint, forgot to scream, or even to hallo for help, when I knew there was no help to be had,—and rushed out resolutely and saved the dear child's life.

"At another time when the thermometer stood below zero—when the brothers were all away and the chore man was sick, and father taken suddenly down with acute rheumatism, I took the axe and chopped a hole through ice a foot thick and gave water to 40 or 50 head of cattle and horses. Then about the last bit of that sphere, so boasted and so prized, slipped under the ice and was gone forever: 'twas a sad loss, but it was let it go or let the stock choke to death—and I chose to let it go. Yes, it was all gone, not a bit of a sphere had I left, so I resolved to make one to suit myself—one that would allow me to answer to the calls of necessity or the demands of duty, without fear or hesitancy—a sphere made of usefulness, cemented together with kindness, love and sympathy, and so solid and strong that no change of circumstances, no bond of conventionalism could either break or control it. Then instead of shrinking myself within it, I took my station out side, to travel whenever I pleased in its pleasant paths; and let me tell you I have found my home sphere,—just the thing for a wife and mother—and on its wide spread, elevated, beautiful and harmonious surface I have built my platform of Woman's Rights, and on that platform I intend to stand fearless and free while I can stand at all. The *platform of usefulness*, and I shall advocate with earnestness the doctrine, that all the energies that God gave to woman should be used to the very best advantage for herself, for her family and for society."

Here Mrs. Jones rolled up her knitting and went out and mixed up a jar of buckwheat cakes for breakfast.—*Ohio Cultivator.*

The Hero of Waterloo on his knees.—"It is true," said Madame de Stael to the Duke of Wellington, "that your Lord Chancellor addresses the king kneeling, during the sitting of Parliament?"

"It is true."

"How does he do it?"

"He speaks to him kneeling, as I inform you."

"But in what manner?" "You will it," replied the Duke; and he threw himself at the feet of our Corinna. "I command all my subjects to witness!" cried Madame de Stael. And the whole assembly applauded with one accord. I answer not for this unanimity of applause when these same spectators were at the foot of the stairs.

HOW COAL WAS MADE.

Geology has proved that, at one period, there existed an enormously abundant land vegetation, the ruins or rubbish of which, carried [down]ward, and there sunk to the bottom, and, became covered over by sand and mud, is as coal. This substance which we now re[gard of] consequence to [us] was a natural transaction, we find in coal, both us, seeing how much [illegible] and for various manufacturing [purposes], for warming our domestic production of steam, by factories, as well as mechanical power is generated. which so greatly excite surprise that the vegetable [illegible] should have so completely changed ble recent character, and becomes black. But their [illegible] be explained by chemistry; and part of the marvel becomes clear to the simplest understanding when we recall the familiar fact, that damp hay, thrown closely into a heap, gives out heat, and becomes a dark color.

When a vegetable mass is excluded from the air, and subjected to great pressure, a bituminous fermentation is produced, and the result is the mineral coal, which is of various characters, according as the mass has been originally intermingled with sand, clay, or other earthly impurities. On account of the change effected by mineralization, it is difficult to detect in coal the traces of a vegetable structure; but these can be made clear in all except the highly bituminous caking coal, by cutting or polishing it down into thin transparent slices, when the microscope shows the fibre and cells very plainly.

From distinct isolated specimens found in the sand-stones amidst the coal beds, we discovered the nature of the plants of this era. They are almost all of simple cellular structure, and such as exist with us in small forms, (horse tails, club mosses, and fens,) but advanced to an enormous magnitude. The species are all long since extinct. The vegetation generally is such as now grows in clusters of tropical islands; but it must have been the result of a high temperature obtained otherwise than that of the tropical regions now is, for the coal strata are found in the temperate, and even the polar regions.

The conclusion, therefore, to which most geologists have arrived is, that the earth originally an incandescent or highly heated mass, was gradually cooled down, until in the Carboniferous period it fostered a growth of terrestrial vegetation all over its surface, to which the existing jungles of the tropics are mere barrenness in comparison. The high and uniform temperature, combined with greater proportion of carbonic acid gas in the manufacture, could not only sustain a gigantic and prolific vegetation, but would also create dense vapors, showers and rains; and these again gigantic rivers, periodical inundations, and deltas. Thus all the conditions for extensive deposits of wood, in estuaries would arise from this high temperature; and every circumstance connected with the coal measures points to such conditions.—*Chambers' Miscellany.*

THE FAMILY THAT NEVER READ A NEWSPAPER.

The second night after I left your city, I put up at a large brick tavern, known as the ——— house. The proprietor in answer to some interrogatories, informed me that he owned over 400 acres of land, had raised the present season 900 bushels of wheat, 650 bushels of oats, and expected to harvest 1500 bushels of corn; that he owed no man a dollar; (and that he never took a newspaper in his life!)

I had the curiosity to learn how a family kept up with the current news of the day, when deprived of the only means of obtaining it. Soon after I entered the family circle, which consisted of the parents, and six children, the eldest a daughter, on the shade of twenty-five—the mother commenced with:—

"Mister, do you know whether the great Mr. Webster is hanged yet?"

"Yes, Madam."

"Wall," said the daughter, "I allow he'll not make more of them spelling books."

"I suppose not."

"I've lived so long in the world," said the mother, with a deep sigh, "and I never seed any body hanged yet! I always thought I'd like to see one hanged, but it never happened to come right, and I'm gitting so old now, I don't spect I ever will. I've seed the sarcus and caravin and sich kind of shows, but I'd rather seed one fellow hanged than fifty of them shows."

"Stranger," said the daughter, "there's going to be an animal show to-morrow down here 'bout six miles, mayby you'd like to lay over and go down.—Brother James says they've got two snakes there, the same as what can swallow an elephant, and I don't believe there ever was any sich snakes—do you?"

"No, Miss."

"Wal, then, the jography folks lies jist like other folks!"

"Mother," said James, "you don't know nothing what you're talking about. Don't the United States make the jographies? What's the use of their putting lies into 'em? They make 'em every ten years, they are going to make another in a few days. They send men out all over the country to find out every thing—that's what that chap was here for tother day, asking so many tarnal questions about. Stranger, your supper's ready."—*Indiana State Sentinel.*

☞ Victoria's husband, Albert, is three months younger than herself. At the time of their marriage, he was between 20 and 21 years of age.

The Riddler.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 15 letters.
My 1, 2, 10, 4, 5, is connected with morning.
My 3, 6, 11, 10, 13, is a [illegible] of rich grass.
My 3, 8, 5, 2, 10, 13, is a kind of sail.
My 4, 2, 14, 13, 2, 7, is to impress.
My 5, 2, 18, 11, 5, 10, is in botany floating.
My 6, 11, 9, 12, 13, 10, is used about a ship.
My 7, 2, 5, 11, 3, 8, 7, is a race of birds.
My 8, 14, 2, 10, 4, 9, is the art to [illegible].
My 9, 14, 13, 6, is a sort of wild plum.
My 10, 2, 9, 8, 14, 10, is a bird.
My 11, 7, 8, 1, 13, is a gum exuding from a tree.
My 12, 4, 10, 13, is a Japanese lord.
My 13, 8, 6, 3, 13, denotes the eldest son.
My 14, 4, 7, 15, is a small stream.
My whole is what writers and printers of enigmas should avoid doing. K.

CHARADE.

Come from my first—aye, come!
The battle dawn is nigh;
And the screaming trump and the thundering drum
Are calling thee to die!
Fight as thy father fought,
Fall as thy father fell;
Thy task is taught, thy shroud is wrought,
So forward!—and farewell!

Toll ye my second!—toll!
Fling high the flambeau's light;
And sing the hymn of a parted soul
Beneath the silent night!
The wreath upon his head,
The cross upon his breast;
Let the prayer be said, and the tear be shed
So take him to his rest.

Call ye my whole? aye, call
The lord of lute and lay!
And let him greet the sable pall
With a noble song today!
Go call him by his name!
No fitter hand may crave
To light the flame of a soldier's fame,
On the turf of a soldier's grave.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is a schoolmaster like an engineer on a railroad?

Ans.—Because one trains the mind, and the other minds the train.

☞ Why is a girl walking with her brother in her arms like an express train?

Ans.—She carries the male (mail.)

☞ What kind of oil should be banned in railroad cars?

Ans.—*Train oil.*

☞ Why is the success of a bill in Congress like the beauty of the human face?

Ans.—It depends upon the ayes and noes (eyes and nose.)

☞ Why is a physician like a soldier?

Ans.—He knows the healing art (*heeling art.*)

☞ Why are two gentlemen whose ways have fallen out in dancing like ships in a storm?

Ans.—They are scudding under bare poles (polls.)

☞ Why is a boy who pricks his brother William with a fork, like a man posting placards against a wall?

Ans.—He is a bill-sticker.

☞ Why are young ladies playing at the graces like passengers in the boat of Charon?

Ans.—They are crossing the sticks (Styx.)

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ENIGMA.—The Germania Musical Society.

CHARADE.—Potato.

PROBLEM.—[illegible]

CABINET OF CURIOSITIES.

A hair from the tail of a night-mare.
A splinter from the Evening *Post*.
A few of the eggs that the sun sets on.

For Housekeepers.

Mince Pie, No. 1.—Prepare the mince as follows:—Trim away all the sinewy parts from four pounds of lean beef, and all the skin from two pounds of fresh beef suet; chop the beef and suet very finely; then add two pounds of brown sugar, two ounces of ground spices mixed in equal proportions, the grated rind of six oranges and of six lemons, one pint of wine, and one of brandy; mix all this well together; then cleanse and stone two pounds of raisins, two pounds of currants, two pounds of citron cut in strips; chop the raisins with six pounds of peeled apples, and add the other fruit to the mixture, with two tea-spoonfulls of salt; stir all the mince together, and cover it closely until you are ready to use it. Mince thus prepared will keep two months in cold weather. It is best two weeks old. If it is not sweet enough, stir in more sugar when you use it.

Bake this mince in Paste No. 7, covering it with an ornamental top crust of the same paste; bake from thirty to forty-five minutes.

Mince Pie, No. 2.—Boil two lemons until quite tender, pound them in a mortar, remove their seeds, add to them one pound of white sugar, and let stand twenty-four hours; then add one pound of beef suet chopped finely, half a pound of raisins stoned and chopped, one pound of Zante currants, one ounce of ground spices, mixed in equal proportions of mace, cloves and cinnamon, one glass of wine, one of brandy, and half a pint of walnut meats chopped finely: stir this mince and mix it well, and bake, as above, in Paste No. 5, or Paste No. 7.

No. 3. Mince Pie, (Temperance.)—Boil, until very tender, three pounds of beef's heart; then chop it as fine as possible, and add half a pound of beef suet, cleansed from its skin and filaments, and finely minced; mix all these well together, and add one pound of brown sugar, two pounds of Zante currants, two pounds of raisins, stoned and cut in halves, the grated rind of one orange, the grated rind and the juice of three lemons, one table-spoonfull of powdered cinnamon, one of ginger, one of cloves, one of mace, two of salt, and one quart of the best West India molasses; stir all well together; the mixture should be very moist, but not thin.

If you wish to use this mince immediately, add two pounds of finely minced apple, and half a pound of citron cut in slices, to every pound and a half of meat; the apples should be very acid.

If you wish to keep this mince for future use, it is best not to add the apple and citron until you are ready to bake. Hickory-nuts, chopped finely, and added to the mince the last thing before using it, is a great improvement to it.

This mince, confined in tight jars and kept in a cold place, will be good for two or three weeks in winter. It rather improves by keeping a short time.

Bake this mince as above, in Paste No. 5, or Paste No. 7.—*Mrs. Bliss's Practical Cook Book.*

Agricultural.

HINTS FOR JANUARY.

Poultry.—If you desire your hens to lay, give them flesh of some kind twice or thrice a week, chopped up with their other food—fresh fish boiled and cut fine, will answer as well. Fowls should at all times be supplied with lime or old mortar, broken fine, sand, and ashes; their hen-house should be kept clean, their nests clean, and periodically supplied with fresh hay or straw.

Poultry-dung, if saved properly, will be found nearly as good, if not quite as good, as guano. The evacuations should be gathered weekly, put away in a barrel, and sprinkled over with pulverized charcoal or plaster; if thus saved, and kept out of the weather, four or five hundred pounds of it will manure an acre of land. Save it then, say we.

Materials for Composts.—Embrace every opportunity to collect these. Recollect that such materials, by decay, form mould, and that mould is the soul and life-blood of a fertile soil—that though it may appear dead, it will live again through its powers of reproduction.

Memorandum, and Account Books.—In the beginning of the year, every agriculturist, if he has not done so already, should provide himself with a memorandum, and an account book.

In the former he should set down every operation, every transaction, connected with the management of his farm. His mode of manuring his several fields, the quantities per acre, and kinds of manure used, the time of ploughing, and depth ploughed, the time occupied in ploughing, harrowing, and rolling, the crop put in, the quantity of seed per acre, and mode of preparation and sowing, the time when seeded, the period when it came up; if worked, the number of times when, and how worked, the force and kind of force used. Notes should be made of its progress from the period of germination, to maturity—of the weather and its effects upon his several crops; the commencement, and termination, of the harvesting of his several crops should be recorded, the force engaged therein, as also the effects of different manures upon the manured crops; the time when his several kinds of stock are served should be recorded.

The number of acres in each field should be ascertained and recorded, in order that the acreable product of his land may be reduced to certainty; this would act as an index of its fertility and indicate the necessity and quantity of manure required.

In his second book, he should open regular accounts for personal and household expenses, for hirelings, if he employs any, for manures, if he buy any. Each field should be charged with the manure used on it, the cost of preparation, seed, and seeding, the cost of harvesting, the interest on the purchase and improved value, with cost of the labor bestowed on its culture and the preparation of its product for market, and cost of marketing. These fields should be credited with the several values of their respective products, and a balance struck. A debit and credit account should be kept against his poultry, swine, and dairy stock, as by the footing up he could see whether the one or the other was a matter of gain or loss, and regulate his course in the future, accordingly.

In a word, his books should be a fair transcript of the agriculturist's year's labor, and if properly attended to an hour each evening after the labors of the day were over, would be found a source of pleasure, and prove of infinite service in after years, in regulating the work on his estate.—*American Farmer.*

Advantages of Large Wheels to Horse Carts.—The advantages of large wheels to horse carts are obvious, as they greatly increase the facility of draught, and tend to lessen the number of accidents to which all two-wheeled carriages are liable, from the shaft-horse falling down.

By adopting large wheels and a bent axle, the cart becomes less liable to such accidents, as the centre of gravity, (the fore end of the cart body,) and the centre of suspension, (the axle,) are brought much nearer together, the former being placed nearly over the latter, at a small distance only from it. A horse falling with a loaded cart so constructed, will experience but little increase of weight upon him while down. The centre of gravity will be thrown forward, but in a very trifling degree. In carts, &c., it will almost always happen that the centre of gravity will be above the point of suspension (the axle;) but in gigs, &c., the body may be placed below that point when the body will always maintain the erect, (that is a horizontal) position, and should the horse fall down, will operate to lift him up again. A gig so constructed will be almost beyond the possibility of those serious, and frequently fatal accidents, which occur from the falling of the horse.

On Wintering Sheep With Little Hay.—In answer to the inquiries of a Northern Ohio farmer, I would advise him to keep his sheep well housed or sheltered during cold weather. The West, North and East winds should be kept from them. They should also be well bedded with straw—*the warmer and drier sheep are kept in Winter, the less food they will require.*

Sheep can be Wintered well on sheaf oats, if they are cut a little green, and bound up as soon as dry. Try from six to nine sheaves to one hundred sheep. It would save hay to have a straw stack for them to run to at pleasure; or put straw in the racks, and what is left will do for bedding. Give a bushel of wheat bran, with plenty of cut straw or chaff, morning and evening; wet and mix them well; it is best to mix and cover it with hay or straw the day before using. Corn and oats ground together, will do well to mix with cut straw. With the above light feeding, hay will do.

For further instructions, read the "American Shepherd."—*Correspondent Ohio Cultivator.*

THE CRANBERRY.

As much has been said on the subject of the Cultivation of the Cranberry, and as many communications of inquiry on that subject are daily received by me, I propose giving such information to the public as my experience will permit.

1st. Select a situation for your Cranberry-field on a clay soil, on such as is not liable to bake, or on a dark loam soil, or on all moist soils where there is a mixture of sand, mostly of reclaimed lands; such as can be made moderately dry, are well adapted to grow the Cranberry. In fact, most all soil that is natural to grow the potato, is well adapted to grow the Cranberry, (yet the first mentioned soils would be preferred,) I think there are portions on most of the farms situated in the middle States, and their vicinity, that are well adapted to grow the Cranberry, and I should propose to all desirous of commencing the business, to put their plants on different parts of their soil, and by so doing the better soils may be ascertained. As far as I have ascertained, there are THREE varieties of the Cranberry, viz: The Barberry, the Cherry, and the Bell—I have never known of any other variety of the berry that would naturalize to dry soil except the Bell Cranberry: this species of the berry grows much in the form of an egg—it is inclined to grow in the wild state, on the borders of Cranberry bogs, spreading its way to upland soil; this species is much larger than the others, in its wild state. Persons engaging in the cultivation of the article, should commence with the last mentioned species, and by commencing with those that have been cultivated and naturalized to a dry soil, they will much sooner accomplish their object, and with much less trouble and expense, as the plants multiply and increase abundantly. Persons commencing with one or two thousand, will be able to obtain plants of their own raising sufficient to transplant acres, in two or three years.

2d. Prepare your soil the same as for sowing grain, by ploughing, harrowing and making your soil even—then mark it out in drills, 18 or 20 inches apart, putting the plants in the drills, 5 or 6 inches apart—hoe them slightly, at first, till the roots become clinched, and afterwards no other cultivation is needed. The plants may be expected to run together and cover the whole soil in two or three years. The Cranberry grown by cultivation usually yields from 150 to 400 bushels per acre; its fruit is two or three times as large as the wild fruit, and of a beautiful flavor; it readily keeps sound from the harvest time of it to the time of harvest again. The fruit is generally gathered in September—it is gathered with wire-teeth rakes, made for the purpose—one man will generally gather from 30 to 40 bushels per day, with the aid of a boy to pick up the scattering fruit.

Persons wishing for Plants can have their supply of the subscriber—price $7 per thousand; for less quantities than one thousand, the rate of eight dollars per thousand will be charged. The Plants will be carefully packed in meadow moss, and well boxed, which will enable them to go a great distance in a fresh state.

The proper time for Fall transplanting is October and November; for Spring, from the opening of the same till about the 10th of May. Persons wishing for Plants, are requested to send their orders as early as the first of September, for Fall transplanting, and during the Winter for Spring.

The Cultivated Fruit will be sent to persons ordering it, for two dollars per box—boxes 14 inches square and 7 inches deep. This price is no more than the wholesale price in the New York market for this fruit; yet I am desirous to distribute the fruit through the country. No one person will be allowed more than two boxes, unless by special contract, by mail. Should more orders come than fruit can be furnished to fill the latest orders, they will be returned.

Persons ordering Plants or Fruit, will please inform how to direct from New York city, or from the city of Boston, as I shall deliver to the above places without charge. Orders for Fruit must be accompanied with cash. Address, Sullivan Bates, Bellingham, Norfolk County, Mass.

The Olio.

TEARS.

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Thank God, bless God, all ye who suffer not
More grief than ye can weep for. That is well—
That is light grieving! Lighter none befell
Since Adam forfeited the primal lot.
Tears! what are tears? The babe weeps in its cot,
The mother singing; at her marriage bell
The bride weeps; and before the oracle
Of high-faned hills the poet hath forgot
That moisture on his cheeks. Thank God for grace
Whoever weep; albeit as some have done,
Ye grope tear-blinded in a desert place,
And touch but tombs—look up! Those tears will run
Soon in long rivers down the lifted face,
And leave the vision clear for stars and sun.

The True Story of Mozart's Requiem.—The Paris correspondent of the Philadelphia Bulletin, in a recent letter, mentions the discovery of the secret in relation to Mozart's celebrated Requiem, the mysterious origin of which has caused not only books, but whole libraries, to be written by the Germans. He says:

The tradition is as follows: Mozart, languishing in his last illness, perceived standing before him, one day, a tall, mysterious stranger, dressed in black. How he entered was past comprehension. He wanted a *Requiem*, and would pay for it any sum Mozart chose to name. The money is paid; the music is to be ready in a month. At the appointed hour the stranger appeared, in the same mysterious manner, and the music not being finished, did the same thing a third time. Mozart was certain he had dealt with the devil in person, and died without finishing the piece.

But his heirs could find it nowhere. It disappeared for several years, and was then found entirely finished. By whom? This is what the musicians of Germany would have given everything but their ears to know. Time has answered this, as it has many other questions. A certain Count Waldseg, living on the frontiers of Hungary, had gained among the amateurs, and even the artists of his country, a reputation as an able composer. His manner of proceeding was simple. He paid the best musicians high prices for being silent as to their authorship of pieces composed for him, and for which he paid high prices. These he published as his own.—His wife died.

He thought the occasion excellent for writing a Requiem, and gave out that he was engaged in composing one. It was his agent who waited on Mozart, and who afterwards got the manuscript from Mozart's wife, paying for her secrecy. A pupil of the great composer finished the piece, but so much had been said about it by the friends of Mozart, that the Count was compelled to give up the project of publishing it as his own.—This is the simple truth, as has been fully ascertained, to the discomfiture of the advocates of the marvellous.

A Neglected Scratch.—An Indiana clergyman lately told a story about a man with whom he boarded when a college boy. The man was at his work one frosty morning, and happened to get a slight scratch on the back of his hand. A single minute's attention to it would have caused it to heal in a day or two. It was neglected. A slight inflammation appeared, which a simple poultice would have reduced, but it was neglected. The whole hand became inflamed, and should have had the best medical attention, but it was neglected. The arm and shoulder, and back were seized with pain, and now all was alarm and confusion. Twelve physicians were soon in attendance to consult upon the case. The question was, whether the cutting off the limb would save the man's life, and it was decided to be no use. The disease had gained a mortal hold, and no human skill could arrest it. A vicious habit—an indulged little sin—a neglected duty—how easily are they taken care of, if we are in season with them, but how stubborn and ruinous they become, if they are let alone!

The Mixed Arrows.—Cupid, one sultry summer's noon, tired with play, and faint with heat, went into a cool grotto to repose himself, which happened to be the cave of Death. He threw himself carelessly down on the floor, and his quiver turning topsy-turvy, all the arrows fell out, and mingled with those of Death, which lay scattered up and down the place. When he awoke he gathered them up, as well as they could, but they were so intermingled, that, though he knew the certain number, he could not rightly distinguish them, from which it happened that he took up some of the arrows which belonged to Death, and left some of his own in the room of them. This is the cause that we now and then see hearts of the old and decrepit transfixed with the bolts of Love, and, with equal grief and surprise, behold the youthful, blooming part of our species smitten with the darts of Death.

India Rubber.—India Rubber is now so cheap and common, that the following reference to it in the Monthly Review for February, 1772 to Notes and Queries, by a correspondent, makes us smile.

"I have seen," says Dr. Priestly, "a substance excellently adapted to the purpose of wiping from paper the marks of black lead pencil. It must, therefore, be of singular use to those who practice drawing. It is sold by Mr. Nairne, a mathematical instrument maker, opposite the royal exchange. He sells a cubical piece, of about half an inch, for *three shillings*; and he says it will last for several years."